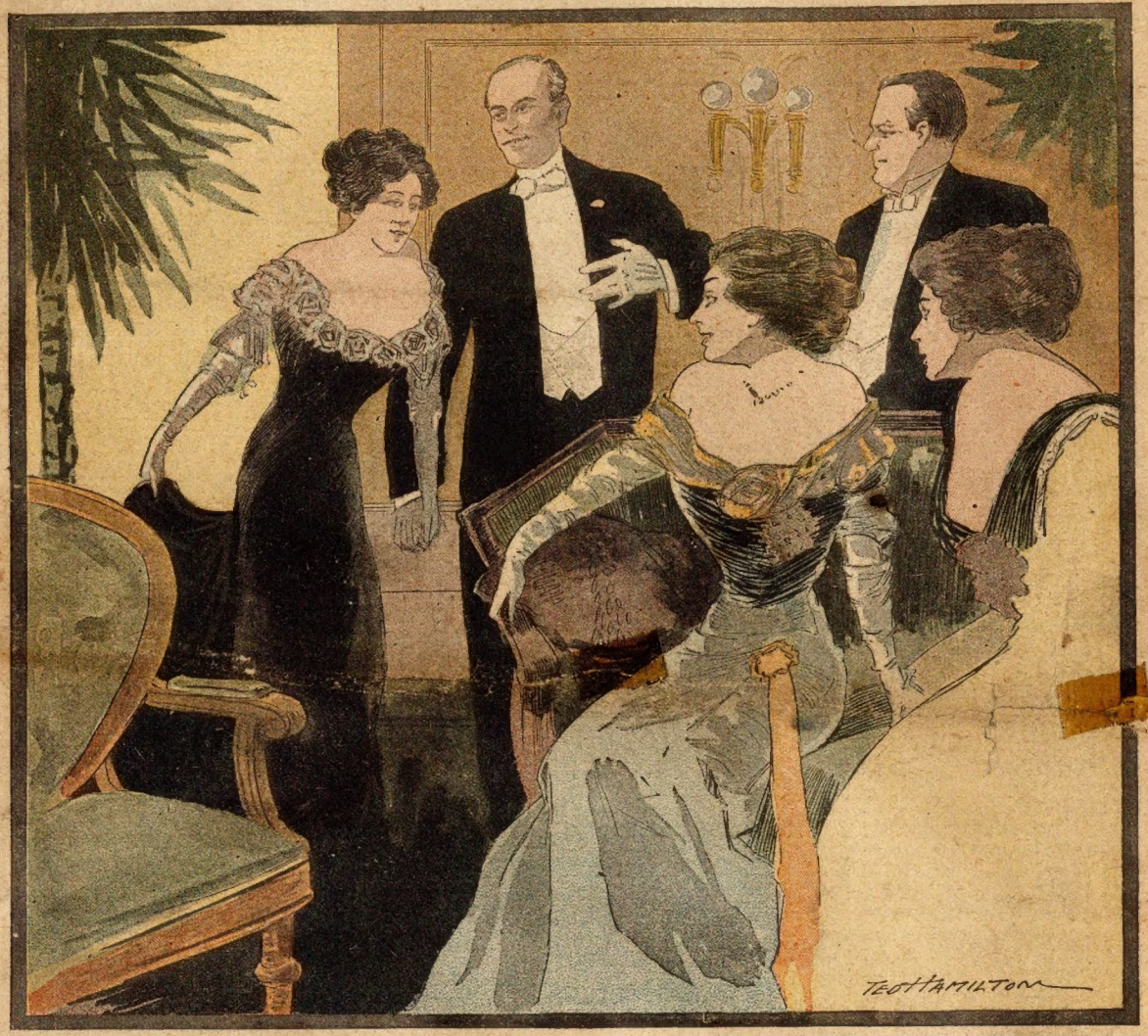
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 30. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



Majorie's Brilliant Catch;

Or, THE MISSING TIMEPIECE

By Mason Ray

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

"IT'S a unique and costly timepiece," I commented as Crowdon's handsome watch of fine gold, diamond-set and skillfully etched, rested a moment in my hands. Immediately it passed on from one admirer to another where we—the guests at Sunset Lodge—were grouped on the wide cement-floored veranda.

"What a waste of jewels," exclaimed fluffy-haired Adelia Wykes. This young lady had been fondly rechristened Babe by her doting parents and the title seemed, in some manner, to have extinguished her womanhood. Adelia could hardly be likened to an artesian well since she lacked depth; but she was a first-class, perennial gusher. Now, as she held the watch in her delicate hand, she exploded in a shower of ecstasies, until exhausted; then she relinquished the sparkling disk to Scott Vandenburg, the young gallant in pearl-gray trousers, white silk negligee, eye-glasses and patent leathers who was angled for by nearly every marriageable woman in the hotel. One notable exception to this rule was Majorie Crowdon. That independent young lady figuratively turned her back on the contested prize. But, to the dismay of her ambitious mother she played vigorous tennis, rowed and tramped with Tom Werton, a nobody.

"I say," Vandenburg remonstrated with the near-by owner, "that's too valuable to knock about. Ought to put it in a safety deposit box. Should have left it in the bank, seems to me, by jove!"

John Crowdon, the broker, made no response. He was absorbed in collecting his fishing outfit. Ponderous in build, yet nervous in temperament, he hastened with anxious brow to find lines, reels, gaff and landing net stored in and about the porch. With Crowdon every moment's delay from the bass grounds was time worse than lost. He was the human frog variety of sportsman. Day in and day out he sat alone and motionless in his latest model of rowboat, while he cast alluring flies to retiring bass. Ten months of ordinary life in the city was endured that he might revel in sixty days of bliss. Now he gathered up the accoutrements of an expert, impatient to be gone.

The gem-frosted watch circulated slowly among the two score guests who lingered after breakfast before dispersing about the day's business of joy-chasing. At last it passed the length of the long building and was received by Tom Werton, who had watched its passage as if fascinated. Having it in his momentary possession he surprised us by a singular act. With a penknife he swiftly opened the tightly closed back and inspected the lettering and number. He then as swiftly snapped to the case and handed the expensive trinket to the owner's daughter. Majorie's handsome, high-bred face expressed but faint interest in the scene. With the watch outneld in proffering palm she stepped toward the departing fisherman, but her father waved her back.

"Not now," he objected. "I'm late. I can't stop to bother." And bristling with rods, nets and oars he strode shoreward where shimmered the waters of the superb inland lake that had lured

us all into the beautiful wilderness.

A moment later Majorie had gladly relinquished the jewel to her mother's extended hand and had resumed her seat and chat with Werton about a favorite author. Having followed the incident to its close I allowed my glance to linger on the mature beauty of the banker's wife. Despite her forty confessed years and several unacknowledged seasons she seemed little the senior of her daughter. Her abundant high rolled hair was bleached to the hue of yellow silk; her finely molded features had the clear smooth complexion of a child's. Thrice each day she appeared in gowns that incased her splendid form as the well-fitting glove covers the hand. Her manner was, I believe, unconsciously arrogant. She was gifted by nature with the carriage of a queen and the air of an empress. Evidently she chafed at their prolonged sojourn in the primeval wilds while her engrossed husband pursued his hobby. Newport, with its opportunities for dress and ultra-wealthy society, would have given her a suited environment. As it was I noted that she endured the uncongeniality of the country hotel without audible comment.

She was discussing with Mrs. Mulford, a lawyer's wife, the details of a short tramp they were planning for the morning. Immediately after agreeing on their direction she rose from her wicker chair and entered the hotel. I doubted not that she withdrew to place her husband's watch in the safety of the Crowdon suite and incidentally prepare for the proposed walk. Her departure was the signal for a general flitting. I selected my favorite rod, pocketed several extra hooks and sinkers then turned to Tom.

"Come on," I invited, "be a sport and go fishing." But Tom was not to be diverted from his usual custom.

"I've letters to write," he urged. "But this evening——"

"In the meantime," interrupted Majorie, "let me accompany you."

The impulsive offer astonished me, until I saw that Vandenburg was advancing with evident intent to fill Werton's chair the instant of his announced departure. I was only too glad to aid and abet her in her ruse for escaping the effeminate young man whose chief occupation seemed to be shifting himself in and out of stunning clothes and reading novels. We started at once for the boat landing, and were swinging well out over deep water before Majorie spoke.

"Tom Werton's always writting letters," she thoughtfully commented. "He's hours and hours in his room. I'm sure they can't all be intended for relatives. Mr. McNaughton," she questioned me, "what sort of business do you suppose would require that amount of correspondence?"

Now, even a plain-visaged, humdrum old bachelor is supplied with the usual complement of human emotions. I was no exception. To discover that Majorie sought my company, not so much to escape Vandenburg as to sound my opinion of Werton, wounded my self-esteem.

"I imagine," said I shortly, "that Mr. Werton is best able to supply that information."

Majorie laughed and gave me a sharp, scrutinizing glance. Immediately I repented my rudeness and sought to make amends.

"He is a good fellow," I hastened to assure her. "I've been with him enough to believe he's genuine. I've no fault to find with anything but his reticence."

Majorie seemed not to hear. She was admiring the lovely, irregular shore line.

"Why, there's papa just rounding the point north of the boathouse!" she exclaimed. "I supposed he was almost at his beloved fishing grounds. He must have been delayed."

I noted the direction of her gaze and longingly watched Crowdon's rising and falling oars. The banker was circling the lake in an opposite direction to our own course, and I knew he was headed for a secret location where large and small-mouthed bass of darkest tint and plumpest size awaited his stealthy visit. Each night after a glorious day of solitary sport he straggled in at a late hour and pridefully displayed a glittering catch. Each night my enviuos soul was racked at the sight of luck that evaded my most skilful effort.

This morning, however, I was content to watch the ever-changing expressions on Majorie's expressive countenance rather than my quiescent bob. The music of her voice repaid me for the continued silence of my reel. After an unprofitable hour we agreed to cease angling and spend the morning exploring shady nooks where cedars overhung quiet bays and cool shore lines where the enclosing hills were duplicated in prismatic tints on the still surface. With this object in view we slowly circled the picturesque, bay-indented lake and dallied in unfrequented waters. In this time-forgetting manner the sun neared the noon meridian; luncheon became a gnawing necessity, but we persevered and rounded the west end of the lake in order to proceed homeward along its north shore. Finally I rounded a point fringed by dark out-jutting cedars that revealed a deep bay and there, with boat fastened to a mud-driven pole, sat Crowdon fishing! We had blundered into the banker's hidden bass pond. A weed-grown bottom under some three fathoms of clear water explained the reason that black bass congregated. At sight of me, his piscatorial rival, Crowdon glared.

"I've tried several weed beds this morning," he coolly stated with barefaced intent to shield his favorite retreat, "but none of 'em seem worth while. Guess I'll move on after a bit," he shamelessly lied and continued to glare suspiciously until Majorie's gay greeting forced him to unbend. "Well, well," he conceded after she explained our quest, "that's all right; now hurry back and tell your mother I'll be late; the fishing's beastly. It may improve at sunset."

We relieved him of our undesired presence and headed directly hotel-ward.

"Papa is ordinarily a model of veracity," explained Majorie, "but fish seem to destroy his moral sense." For a mile or more she studied the matter while we glided over the sunlit waves; then she further commented: "He needs correcting. I think," she mused with chip cupped in her pink palm and eyes thoughtfully gazing across the water," that, later, "I'll attend to it."

Mrs. Crowdon met us at the boat landing. Her fair, handsome face betrayed anxiety.

"Majorie," she said plunging at once into the heart of the matter, "your father's watch is gone—stolen."

"Impossible," declared the daughter wide-eyed with amazement.

"It's a fact, a horribly embarrassing fact," insisted her mother not heeding my presence. "When you handed it to me I carried it to our private sitting-room and placed it on that table littered with your father's fishing traps. Until eleven o'clock I walked with Mrs. Mulford; after our return I went up to our rooms to remove my hat and discovered the loss."

"What's to be done about it?" questioned Majorie turning to me. Invariably people expect me to unravel ugly snarls.

"Nothing at present," I advised. "Keep the affair quiet. Perhaps," I suggested, "the article is misla'd."

Majorie gave me a quick, keen glance then turned toward her mother as the lady denied my supposition.

"No," she stated with abruptness, "I'm certain it was on the table when I left the room at eight-thirty; at eleven o'clock it was missing."

"You have suspicions," I hazarded.

"Yes," she admitted with conviction. "Werton was in his room across the hall. Moreover, the maid who attends the rooms on that floor claims she saw him leave our apartments. She declares he stepped out of the door leading to our sittingroom and crossed over to his own, No. 18. She noted the figures on the door when it closed at his retreat."

"But what object——" cried Majorie.

"Lack of means," declared Mrs. Crowdon with her lips set in stern lines. "The manager admits that Mr. Werton is short in his hotel account. He was obliged to ask time on his board. He must be very poor."

Majorie studied her mother's face a moment in mystified silence; then she unaccountably burst into laughter. It seemed at the time an outre, unfilial act.

"Absurd!" declared Majorie choking back her unseemly mirth. "Don't let it worry you, mamma," she said in a queer voice with an odd glance at her anxious parent, then dismissed the entire matter and reminded me of our waiting lunch.

That evening Crowdon sought me out where I strolled alone enjoying a quiet smoke and cogitating the different phases of Mrs. Crowdon's story.

"This is great nonsense," he began, "this idea that Werton is guilty of theft. I won't have him accused, much less arrested. The watch is gone; let it go. I shan't spoil sport with having a detective prowling about. Lenore's sleuth enough. If she can't find the dashed watch I don't care. There's more where it came from."

After this disposal of what the papers call an alleged theft the banker commenced a carefully thought out and confusing account of numerous bass holes at many places in the lake. I perceived that his object in seeking my society was not, after all, to discuss the loss of his watch, but to guard against the possible invasion of his secret bass ground. After an intense half-hour he elaborated yarns intended to divert my attention from the bay where I'd discovered him that morning. Then, feeling reassured, he joined his wife and I settled myself in a porch chair to listen to the soothing lap, lap of water on the near shore and the desultory talk of groups that passed to and fro.

Don't ask me how hotel guests discover a sensation. They do, and that's all I know about the psychology of it. Before the end of the next day every person in every part of the summer hotel knew that Crowdon's gem-set watch was stolen. Possibly the questioned maid chattered or Mrs. Crowdon may have confided her grievance to Mrs. Mulford. In some such manner the fact became public knowlege and discussion of the affair circulated freely but guardedly. As no one seemed to mind my adjacency during these confabs I became aware of every facet of opinion.

"Mr. Werton wasn't the only one on that hall writting letters between nine o'clock and eleven," declared Miss De-Young, a spinster who had privately appointed herself a Pinkerton. "Mr. Vandenburg came downstairs and dropped letters in the mail sack at ten o'clock. I saw him," she declared, with a baleful glance at Adelia Wykes, who had distanced her in the contest for Vandenburg's favor.

"Vandenburg and Werton are the same height," reminded Mulford, who is a lawyer of some eminence and long experience; "it might trouble the maid to positively swear which of these men she saw emerge from the Crowdon suite. His entering No. 18 is not necessarily proof that the man was Werton. Peering from a door or at the far end of the passage at a person moving across four feet of floor space gave her but brief and imperfect opportunity to observe."

"Had it occurred to you," sharply, questioned O'Keefe, who employs a small army at contract work," that the maid might have seen neither? That she is herself the thief?"

"How about Madam Crowdon?" quietly hinted Wernicke who was known to have divorced his wife. "These bridge-playing women sink in an unacknowledged quagmire of debt. Afterward they trust their wits to deliver them."

I started at the last speaker with an uneasy sense of having had my innermost thoughts dragged to the light. His astounding solution coincided with my own. We merely differed concerning the motive. Whether right or wrong I imagined that Lenore Crowdon had adopted strenuous methods to break up the growing intimacy between her daughter and Tom Werton. I moreover suspected that the Crowdon wealth was an empty shell ready to collapse unless reinforced. Majorie's alliance with a man possessed of ample means would avert this danger.

Whatever the truth might chance to be our hotel personnel speedily resolved itself into a court martial. Every element of judicial procedure was represented. Each suspect was ably defended or energetically prosecuted. At one time or another the whole company served in the capacity of a grand jury. One radical departure from modern usage was the absence at these gatherings of the accused. But, by occult or other means, the four prisoners at the private bar of justice became promptly and acutely aware of the charge placed to their credit. This was shown by their several characteristic responses to the insulting impeachment. The chamber-maid insisted upon having her belongings searched by the manager, then quit her job and left the place in a rage. Vandenburg would gladly have emulated her example, both in the fuming up and quitting process, but the matter contained elements that required a still tongue and continued presence. No man would openly admit the outrageous fact that he was a supposed thief; neither would he clinch public opinion by ignominious flight. Instead he set up an indirect defense. He incidentally mentioned bank accounts that would have made the Crowdon gems seem, in comparison, like pebbles from the beach set in a frame of brass. As if by accident he exhibted ready cash that promptly absolved him from suspicion.

"He's a brilliant catch," matrons told one another.

"Yes," affirmed the ones addressed, "and Mrs. Crowdon intends the prize for Majorie."

When the banker's wife finally and inevitably sensed accusation in the atmosphere her proud head was held haughtily erect and her arrogant manner intensified. Finally the self-impaneled jury acquitted the maid, Vandenburg and Mrs. Crowdon, but Werton stood convicted. Covert glances, half-smiles, half-hearted addresses unmistakably delivered the verdict. Werton, as he realized the decision, became in turn furious, then morose, and finally shut himself in his room, emerging only for meals and lonely walks. Majorie, likewise furious at the informal verdict, insisted on their customary tennis. Whenever possible she emphasized her displeasure at the judgment by shamelessly and openly bestowing marks of favor on the convict.

Vandenburg, rejoicing in a clear field, redoubled his siege to Majorie's apparently invulnerable heart. He haunted her vicinity on every thinkable pretext. One morning he cornered her by the overturned boat that I was repairing, while she watched the process and issued commands. We were so completely engrossed by the task that his presence was unperceived until he spoke.

"Miss Crowdon," he said, "here's a copy of that amazing book—the new one by Towner, you know. By Jove, it's a hummer! Let me read you—"

"Haven't time," interposed Majorie. "Uncle Pete and I are about to start off."

Uncle Pete! Think of it! She dubbed me "uncle" and hinted instant flight on an excursion we certainly had not contemplated until that moment. Her clear, wide-open eyes contemplated the white-flanneled dude with a child-like expression of sincerity. Her gaze included his gold rimmed eye-glasses and cord attachment, his faultless apparel, his patent leather oxfords, the famous book in his carefully manicured fingers, then turned toward my disheveled outfit and oakum-soiled palms.

"Hurry, Uncle Pete," she ordered and laid her own strong, capable hands on the boat to help me right it.

I forgave the minx her impertinence and duplicity, collected our rods and necessary equipment and pushed off with Majorie at the helm. Her easy mastery might be due to my own adoration. During former seasons spent in her company at that same hotel I found myself loathing my rugged features and iron-gray hair. The relentless score of years that separated me from happiness seemed a steel wall—years I had spent in amassing unsuspected millions, while my heart silvered, my eyes sullied and care-lines blotted out my youth.

"Papa's off to the village," Majorie informed me as we headed toward the dark blue of deep water. "I think now's the time to punish him for romancing. We'll slip across and try his precious bass ground.

The suggestion was alluring. My wavering conscience had long battled with the idea of filching an hour at Crowdon's pond. Now the woman, the most adorable and importunate of women, tempted me. Like that other man, I fell. With deep-set, long-drawn oar-blades I annihilated distance until we floated over the weed-grown bay and tied our boat to the mud-driven pole.

"Now," I directed Majorie, as I baited her hook, "cast your line far out. Don't let the sinker get tangled in the weeds."

After which sage advice I settled to the delight known only to true followers of Isaac Walton. A slightly clouded sky and ruffled lake gave almost instant returns. My bob ducked, the reel sung and, after a sharp encounter, I landed a three-pounder, black as his weedy bed and resilient as a steel spring. By this time Majorie had, despite my directions, poked her rod beneath the surface and snagged her hook. I assisted her to free the line, then resumed my seat. Twice afterward she repeated the operation and I ceased drawing in shining beauties while I rescued her baited hook from entangling weeds. I had captured my fifth and was tiring him ready for the landing net when my companion gave an exclamation of delight.

"I've caught a whopper!" she cried boyishly. "I know it's a bite this time. The line's coming. There it is. Oh!" she screamed. "Look! look! For Heaven's sake see what I've got!"

I stared in open-mouthed amazement at the thing she lifted dripping and sparkling from the water. So great was my astonishment that I allowed my almost landed fish to escape. Majorie, convulsed by uncontrollable, helpless laughter held up to my view a still glittering but mud-stained object.

"Your father's watch!" I gasped. "Your father's watch hooked up from the mud by the chain and guards!"

"Yes," she managed to articulate. "And I—thought—all this time—that—mamma—had it—hidden!"

Her undutiful suspicion so exactly paralleled my own that I confessed that and other heart-concealed thoughts. Later we returned to the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Crowdon glared at the fish, but eyed the watch with slowly returning memory.

"Hum-m," he mused with introspective gaze, after listening to his daughter's spirited account of her glittering catch, "let me see. The morning I was so confounded late I had to beach my boat down the shore a bit and come back to the hotel for those patent hooks. I didn't see a soul about the place when I went upstairs. The box of tackle was on the table in our sittingroom. I got what I was after and hurried back to my boat. Now, "he reasoned looking at his wife for confirmation, "it's possible that I absent-mindedly stuck that damned watch in my vest, and dropped it overboard when landing a bass."

"Yes," agreed his wife, "that's exactly what happened."

That evening the grand jury reconvened in groups of twos and threes. One indiscreetly high-voiced pair passed near the tree—concealed rustic seat where Majorie, the repentant, her mother and myself were watching a glorious moonlight effect on the water.

"After all," spoke the familiar tones of Miss DeYoung, "Mr. Werton, it seems, did enter the Crowdon sittingroom that morning to return a borrowed book.

"That's what he told my daughter's fiance," declared the unfamiliar familiar tones of Mrs. Wykes. "You know Scott Vandenburg and Adelia are to be married this summer," she sweetly confided. "He explained the incident to Babe at the time people were talking, but, of course, neither could use the information. It gave such a dark look to the circumstantial evidence against Werton.

"Now that the mystery's cleared," stated Miss DeYoung, "doubtless Majorie Crowdon will marry this Tom Werton."

I felt rather than saw Mrs. Crowdon shrink as from a blow, then turn questioning eyes toward Majorie.

"Forget it, mamma," commanded her daughter. "Mr. Werton, the famous novelist whose inverted, anagram name is Towner, cares nothing for silly me. He's wedded to his art."

(Continued on Page Five.)

The Sea Trailer;

Or, AFLOAT WITH BUCCANEERS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

"She hears us and will stop."

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATAL BLOW.

BARRON looked abeam but he could see no more than before. The outboard was a moderate black in color, and he thought that the vision should travel well away from the deck of the Royal Oak, but the prevail-color was unbroken.

"I see no light," he admitted.

"The lookouts are well above us, giving them far better chances, and they have seen. Be patient and, unless we have the stranger's stern, you will soon see."

"Is it certain that it is a vessel?"

"Yes. No island is within sight in that quarter."

"Considering that I have eyes, it is exasperating that I cannot detect the thing."

Zorr Rogel leaned more heavily upon the bulwark.

"A sea eye is peculiar," he said. "You say you have been two years afloat, but chiefly as a soldier who had very little to do with the finer parts of maritime life. Now, he who would have a sea eye must, first of all, possess a naturally keen vision, and then have long experience. Training in all sorts of weather, calm and storm, day and night, is essential. The eye grows. Stimulated by use it gets to discover things with eagle-like sharpness——"

"I see the light!" Barron interrupted.

"Not badly done," commented Rogel approvingly. "No landsman could bring it to view now. Your own training has not been lost."

Barron did not reply. He was watching the small, twinkling object far away, and it was interesting enough to center his attention on the immediate present. Captain Duke grew to be a more important factor in the Royal Oak's voyage. If Ray feared the pirate sufficiently to fill his upper works with lookouts, and then shroud his ship in blackness simply because a light showed in the distance, it was clear that the freebooter was a specter of dread that walked painfully in the stout-spirited shipmaster's mind.

Rogel marked his companion's abstraction and drew slowly erect. Barron was so near the bulwark that the lifting swell was almost below him. If he chanced to fall, or was cast over the rail by any occurrence, he would go headlong into the water. Rogel looked behind him and saw nobody. Then he turned again to the American and bent his lean but muscular arms. His hands crept forward and his fingers seemed about to close upon Barron's body when a footstep sounded at their side.

The first officer of the merchantman came to the bulwark, shielded his eyes and looked at the light. Zorr Rogel shrugged his shoulders, fell back and forgot his purpose for the time being.

"Pirates?" he questioned quietly.

"Eh?" exclaimed the mate, turning abruptly.

"Captain Duke?"

"Nonsense!"

"I am in the secret, and I have been a sailor. Still, I ask for no confidences."

"Perhaps it is as well," said the officer, with the dry speech of one who would administer a rebuff without direct words.

Rogel nudged Barron in good comradeship.

"A measure of prudence, and all well enough," he remarked, "but useless. One cannot start a brush fire and then expect it to go out by saying nothing about it. Our passengers will scent lively Captain Duke in spite of quarter-deck secrecy.

Barron heard vaguely and said nothing. The light abeam was a sea incident that furnished a degree of novelty, and was worth surveying as such. Five minutes the mate lingered and then went away, whereupon Zorr Rogel chuckled in amusement.

"Is the man blind or wedded to mystery? I will guarantee that the glimmer is drawing away from us. Go to the binnacle and you will find that we are holding a course almost due east, but I'll wager stiffly that the stranger is sailing into the west, nor'-west. Any marine should see that."

"Then she will pass us by?"

"Easily. If our wake held ten miles long she would never cross it."

"You have seen much of the sea, Mr. Rogel."

"In a way, yes, but only as cabin-boy, cook, forecastle hand, carpenter, bo'sun and mate."

"What more could you wish?"

"Nothing. No quarter deck for me. Yes, I know a bit of sea life, but only in a quiet manner. Talk of bad Captain Duke gives me a shiver!"

It was lightly said, though Barron detected a scoffing note and suspected that Zorr was having amusement wholly by himself. They had not sailed together from London without it becoming clear that he was as much at home afloat as the stormy petrels that winged their way across the deep. His statement of positions he had filled brought no surprise.

Rogel had dropped into his most amiable manner, and his lean, sinewy hands did not again stray toward his companion. Perhaps he had abandoned a previous purpose for the time being. They stood together until the light disappeared in the distance, fully confirming Rogel's prediction, but Captain Ray, moving uneasily about the after-deck, did not relight his lanterns and the Royal Oak held her course in darkness.

Both of the observing passengers were of the opinion that he had something definite on his mind, and it was a safe wager that rumor at Cape Town had warned him of the part of the ocean he was then crossing.

In spite of these evident official anxieties Barron went to his stateroom with his usual composure, and he was not long in falling asleep, having the rare faculty of turning his mind away from harassing matters when rest was needed. Sleeping, he briefly forgot the mission that had taken him so far, forgot the wrongs of his family, forgot the convict toiling in the Australian bush.

Sleeping, he had several hours of peace, only to have it end with horror at his side.

Something brought him out of his berth with a leap, and in the instant that he was trying to understand what had just before flung him violently against the farther partition he heard a crashing, rending sound, a strange gurgling of water, and heavy steps and loud, wild shouts on deck. Then the Royal Oak began to quiver unnaturally, and the planks beneath his feet tilted as if she were settling by the head.

Modestly as he had spoken of his qualities as a mariner, he understood the situation well. There had been a collision, and good reason existed for supposing that his own vessel had received a grave wound.

Getting himself into his clothes with all possible haste he passed out into the cabin. Before then he had heard the movements and cries that told of wild consternation among the passengers, but some of the other men were trying to restore confidence and Barron did not pause. He ran up the companionway and had the deck before him.

Previously he had feared that the calamity had been caused by running in darkness, but it was a relief to find the deck-lights burning, which partly excused Captain Ray. Further than this there was nothing to cheer the observer.

A fog had fallen over the water, making the darkness radical, and a measure of the responsibility lay with nature. One look he took at that dark outboard, and then all his attention was centered briefly upon the deck. It was a place of great activity. Officers were shouting; and men trying to obey, while it was clear that, hurried as all things were, few there had lost their self-possession.

If it had been otherwise there would have been good excuse, for the Royal Oak was pitching and floundering ominously. Each moment emphasized the fact that she had received a bad hurt.

Barron was not sorry to see Zorr Rogel by his side.

"Collision!" said that man coolly.

"With what?" the American tersely asked.

"A wreck, I think. There's a shape off our starboard bow that carries no light, and there is no sign of life aboard of her. She's a big lump, and we hit hard."

"What about ourselves?"

"I have been here but little longer than you, but I call it that we have got a death wound. Judging by the way she settles I fancy we are stove in below the water line."

"That means that the Royal Oak is lost."

"Nothing else, my dear sir. Bulwarks may be rigged up, but not a stop for a gap like a church in the lower hull. I suppose it will be boats out soon."

It was briefly hard to realize how serious the conditions were with Rogel talking as easily as if nothing was amiss, but Barron thought of the passengers and grew grim of face. He saw Captain Ray temporarily quiet and started to ask if he could give his aid, but the shipmaster after a sweeping glance, called the first mate imperiously.

"Go below, sir, and marshal the passengers. We have no time to lose, and they must be made as ready as possible, and calmed."

"That means boats," remarked Barron.

"A wreck," agreed Rogel composedly. "It will not be my first. I think, Barron, there is work for you and me. Sea heads are useful now, even if not on the articles."

"Can we not do the most and best work by going to the passengers?"

"Piper is there."

"Will he——"

"He will. The man is a wonder. When the passengers come on deck they may be pale of face, but I'll swear they will not show a weak streak. The fact that Piper is not here shows what he is doing. Wait and see!"

The claim carried conviction, but Barron was not content. He hastened below, finding the mate standing idle and Piper master of the situation. There was an astonishing lack of confusion, and in the midst of the party the man of many abilities stood as calm as if nothing was wrong. Somehow, his placid bearing was consoling, even to the American.

He heard the mate expressing his satisfaction at finding the people so free from outward trepidation, with Piper's unshaking voice filling the pauses, but Miriam Lee quickly came to his side, her eyes lifted confidingly to his face.

"We are wrecked!" she said, a slight quaver in her voice, but with an attempt at bravery worthy of admiration.

"Does the mate admit it?"

"He has announced that we must take to the boats, as the Royal Oak will soon sink. Mr. Piper told us that even before. He seems to read a ship as would a book. I'll try not to be a coward, but, really, I shrink from going in those small boats."

"Pray be under no fears, Miss Lee. The boats are staunch, the captain and sailors are capable, the night is calm, and we are in the track of other merchantmen."

"You have put more comfort in few words than even Mr. Piper. I thank you for the good cheer, and now I hope——"

The mate, content with the situation below, paused only to give orders to the steward and others who were getting food supplies, and then turned toward the companionway.

"Every man is needed above," he said, taking the steps two at a time.

Barron looked after him wistfully, and Miriam read the look.

"Go, if you can help," she said bravely. "Go, but I should be glad if you can hand me into the little craft when we leave."

"It shall be done. For now, good-by."

He ran up, realizing the while that the ship was yielding steadily to her fate. She lurched like an animal in its death-throe, and from the hold came groanings and gurglings that told of the invading water, but even with knowledge he did not have a full realization of the ominous conditions until he had the deck under his feet. Then he saw that the ship was deep in the sea, while her forward list was so sharp that she bade fair to take her final plunge at any moment.

The unknown wreck that had caused all this damage had totally disappeared.

Barron saw that both quarter-boats were being lowered, while a part of the crew wrestled with the long-boat. The latter, being inboard in its chocks, presented serious difficulties, and there was small hope that it could be swung over the rail before the Royal Oak sank.

Regretting that he had previously divided his attention between labor and passengers, Barron sprang forward and gave his aid with the large boat. From that time nearly all his attention was centered upon the task, though he was vaguely conscious that the passengers were marshaled on deck by Piper and others, and that they were being handed over into the waiting quarter-boats.

The numbers of the crew made the getting over of the long-boat a much easier task than otherwise, but even at that it progressed poorly, the tackling failing to work and the men, themselves,

stumbling on the dipping deck and tripping over the raffle that had accumulated when various objects fetched away. The struggle was still on when Captain Ray's voice suddenly rose loud and clear.

"Stow the work, lads! She is going down! To the waterg all hands, and save yourselves. Quarter-boats will stand by a few fathoms away."

It was a tardy warning, for the Royal Oak was dropping farther by the bows, and the great gurgle, groan and flounder spoke clearly. The ship was sinking with her decks black with imperiled men.

CHAPTER VI.

PARTNERS OF THE PLANK.

It was never afterward possible to explain or comprehend clearly, but Barron carried a kaleidoscope-like recollection of vanishing bulwarks, bowing masts and slatting sails; of wildly-running men, and strange and startling sounds, and then the water came splashing over his feet. He had started for the point of supposed safety only to strike against a rolling cask, and was about to leap it when a new note of alarm plainly conveyed the idea that the Royal Oak was now actually going down.

Then he had a shock as if struck over the head by a flying object and consciousness left him.

When his senses returned he was dangling in water, clinging to a plank. Darkness was about him, the sea splashed gently in his face, and above was a thin fog. That was all.

He took to thinking. He realized that he had been hit by some usually harmless object that had been sent adrift by the dropping of the ship's bows, but could figure no further. Perhaps a friendly hand had flung him clear of danger, or perhaps his fingers had, at the last moment, closed around the plank with the death-like grip men sometimes exert in a crisis. In spite of the suction he had not gone down with the Royal Oak, but that she was gone he felt certain.

But the boats and his fellow men? He looked for them, looked for lights, and saw nothing but the fog and the pulsing water. He was on the point of shouting when a voice sounded only a few feet away.

"Hello! Is somebody there?"

"Who speaks?" demanded the American quickly.

"Somebody named Zorr Rogel, and I fancy I know you. Is it Barron?"

"Yes."

"Been here long?"

"I don't know. I have been unconscious."

"I've been worse. My seventh shipwreck, and the one I like least."

"Where are our people?"

"Don't know. It was a beastly hard pull with me, you see. I got into the vortex when the ship went down, and it was a villainous tough struggle. Seemed to me that I swam an hour, and when I got clear of the gurgle, bubble, gulp and down-suck I was weak as a rat. Had the good luck to happen on this plank, and here I have clung, trying to get back a bit of strength. A vile weakness is still with me."

The voice that came to Barron corroborated all that Rogel said, and it was certain that both men had been saved by the obscure chance of the sea that fate sometimes gives to those who tempt its power. The time never came when either man could be more definite as to his escape from drowning.

Barron eased his position a trifle and looked about him.

"Where are our people?" he repeated.

"I see nobody and hear nobody. No light near."

"They would not leave us like this."

"I'll give you a leaf out of my other shipwrecks. Suppose that, when the Royal Oak went down, many men were flung into the water, which surely was the case. It would be a deuce of a job to pick them up, and the two quarter-boats would be kept on the jump. Meanwhile, we were hanging to this plank, stupid as clods. Also, calm as the water is, there is quite a sea running, and we should soon drift away from the place of the wreck."

"Haven't you shouted for help?" demanded Barron sharply.

"Repeatedly, but my voice was weak. You and I seem to have suffered in different ways. If you have the voice, yell!"

It was precisely what Barron intended to do. His senses returned to him fully, and with them came the knowledge that vigorous effort was necessary, and at once. To drift in mid-ocean on a plank was probably to die after a few hours, and, at best, it was to lose all chance for future activity. Even then his ruling passion was strong—he remembered the object of his journey from London, remembered the convict in the Australian bush. A fierceness sprang up within him, a rage against his present mischance, and a hot desire to baffle the sea and again have his face turned toward Sydney.

He shouted, and his voice rang loud and clear, piercing the lowhanging fog and carrying the message of human need.

Listening, he heard no answering call, but he continued with stubborn energy. Minute after minute he hailed, the cadence of man and yet had no reply save the soft whisper of the sea, for even the seafowl added no flapping wing to his tumult. Rogel, during this period, remained silent, except that he replied to Barron's interjected remarks briefly.

It was as if he felt certain of failure, and this unspoken decision from an old sailor exasperated his companion. Courage remained doggedly firm within the avenger, but he did not fail to read the possible then, and the chance that he would die in mid-ocean was considered.

If he died it would be a lamentable end to his mission. Dying, he would leave the Barron estates to their fate, he would leave Jacob Gower unpunished, and leave the convict to wear his life away in a foreign land. The man who clung to the plank was then like two men, the one being bold and composed in the face of peril, and the other eagerly, feverishly anxious to save his life that he might accomplish his work.

"What," he finally asked, "are the chances of meeting a vessel?"

"Tolerable," Rogel replied. "We are in the path of merchantmen, big and little, and many flags cross hereabouts, yet castaways have starved hard by looking for ships that never came."

"How near is day?"

"I venture the guess that it is two hours away."

"When it comes we may see something."

Maybe."

It was not an optimistic comment, and the younger man fell to shouting again. When his voice grew husky he relapsed into silence that was unbroken for ten minutes. Then Rogel spoke.

"I am thinking of leaving you," he said quietly.

"Do you see another board?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I am failing. I didn't tell you before, but I have a wound in my head, caused during the wreck by a blow from a broken bit of wood, I suppose. It is because I've lost much good blood that I'm so weak. Now, our board is a mere toothpick in size, and I can hold on but little longer."

"You must hold!" declared Barron. "I want your company. We will beat death off from this prey. Move nearer to me and I will manage to buoy you up."

"At the expense of your own strength?"

"Be that as it may, I'll hold on to you."

"You are an eccentric fellow," Rogel remarked, like one who wondered.

"I'll move your way cautiously—Hallo! the plank narrows. Your end is much smaller than mine. We have a board split in two, and by a grain that runs diagonally. No wonder you find it hard to cling. As I am the stronger of us we must change places. With this wide end for your hands you will find different conditions, and I'll contrive somehow to lash you fast. Can we swap ends without losing our grasp on the plank? We must, anyhow. Come over here."

"Would you give me the better chance?"

"Of course. You need it."

"You are an eccentric fellow," said Rogel again.

Barron urged him to action, and they managed to pass each other. This gave Rogel a great advantage over his companion in misfortune. Life could be sustained much longer on the broad than on the slender end.

"I have a pocketknife," Barron pursued, "and I'll slit my coat and lash you as I said. The knife——"

"I have something better than a pocket toy. I will run my hand down my back—so!—and bring forth a blade fit for a Malay. I have it. Leave the rest to me. I know the trick. A few slits, a sea turn and a couple of knots—wait!"

He was busy, and as his voice had a stronger note Barron permitted him to have ihs own way. Clinging to the narrow end he could follow the work, and he knew when the coat was slit, and when the knots were tied. Rogel breathed a small sigh of relief.

"Perhaps," he said, "I won't leave you just yet."

"Hearten up!" replied Barron, his voice showing no cheerful encouragement, but strong and sincere. "The lashings will take off the strain, and I'll stand by to buoy you up if you need further help."

"Decidedly," observed Rogel with an animated pitch to his speech, "you are an eccentric fellow."

"I fail to follow you."

"The rule of the sea is that when two men are placed as we are the stronger shall safeguard his own life by flinging his comrade from the board, to make food for the fishes."

"Then we will make a new rule. We'll see if the devil can cut out together."

"Think again! Let us suppose a similar case. A certain man is dangerous to you, or else you have been hired to kill him. It is a dark night on shipboard. You stand with him by the lee rail. You are strong, and you have only to lift the unsuspecting man suddenly and fling him overboard. Eh?"

"When I have scores to settle it will be done otherwise," answered Barron somberly. "I shall attack no man unawares, and fling nobody into the sea like that."

"It has been done," said Rogel quietly, "and it's a safer wager that it has been planned more than once when circumstances prevented the act being accomplished. If I, wounded, had been on this board with some persons I should now be dead."

It was an odd exchange of views. Barron, though honest, law-abiding and well-meaning, lacked the enthusiasm of most men, while Rogel discussed all points with unshaken calm. It was worthy of note, too, that he had not thanked Barron for his fresh lease of life.

The younger prey of the sea soon tried his voice again in calls for help, but with the former result. They seemed to be as much alone as if no ship cut the water between Cape Town and Sydney. Barron, too, began to feel the strain and weariness of his position. The narrower end of the plank was certainly small, and hanging there taxed his strength. He had considered lashing himself as Rogel was lashed, but his hold was so frail that it would require dexterity to accomplish the act without losing his grasp. He decided to wait until dawn.

Meanwhile, Rogel, blessed with the securer position and relieved by his extemporaneous ropes, said nothing about again giving Barron the advantage he had surrendered. Perhaps, having the place of safety, he remembered the alleged "rule of the sea," and thought it as good a rule that night as ever before.

If the estimate that two hours would bring day was correct, it was a miserably long couple of hours to Barron. He was aching painfully, his strength ebbed, and, at times, his nerveless fingers almost lost their hold. If he slipped away he might possibly be able to swim back, but Rogel, lashed to the plank, could give no assistance.

Struggling for existence, the imperiled man saw no sign of the gray in the night that would herald the day.

He was still obstinately resolved to live, but miserably weary, when Rogel raised his voice a trifle in a strangely tranquil announcement.

"Ship ahoy!"

"What's that?" cried the American.

"Cast your eye over your left shoulder. What do you see?"

"Lights!"

"That means a ship. All serene, I doubt not."

Rogel was composed as before, but Barron grew as near excited as was possible in one like himself. For a moment it seemed to him that help was promised, not for him, but for the convict in the bush.

"It is near," he exclaimed, "but what is its course?"

"I took heed to that before letting you know. She comes this way, dead on for us, and, as you say, being near, you can hail her in half an hour. Had she been receding I would not have mentioned her, as trivialities are not worthy of thought."

"We are sure to be picked up."

"Unless," returned Rogel dryly, "she does not see fit to back her topsails. Shipmasters in a hurry don't always mind so small a thing as a couple of men.

The lights burned dully, but they were sufficient to mark the advance of the vessel. She drew closer, and was on a course that would take her within easy hail. Waiting until his voice bade fair to carry, Barron shouted. Again and again the call went over the sea, and Rogel, watching in silence, finally spoke again.

"She hears us, and she will stop. Her hands are aloft, and the yards will soon be swung to announce their errand of so-called mercy. Very good! I shall not resist being picked up."

He had fallen into a half-gay mood, and talked lightly and almost flippantly during the waiting that followed. Perhaps the long period on Barron's former end of the log had rested him.

The ship came near and was brought to, after which a boat was lowered and pulled to the shipwrecked men. The latter were greeted with rough but cheerful and hearty words, and the return soon began. No questions were asked by the rescued pair. Barron was willing to lie flat, thankful for his good fortune, but still beset with weariness and aching muscles. He mended rapidly, however, and gave attention to the boatmen. Little was to be told of them in the misty darkness save that they were burly fellows, so he transferred his gaze to the vessel. He had barely made out that she was a large schooner when they ran under her counter. A ladder of rope dangled from above, and first Rogel and then he mounted to the deck.

Lights still burned, and one man held a lantern on a level with his face, whereby the immediate vicinity was made clear to the view.

Barron looked and saw strange, high-colored garments set off with gaudy scarfs; he saw belts bristling with pistols and knives; he saw bearded, ferocious faces, forbidding brows and gleaming eyes, and the combination told a story that startled him. Then, from the nearest man went out a hand in greeting.

"Welcome!" said its owner in a voice that boomed deeply.

Barron saw beyond the hand and perceived that, on the breast of its owner, a death's head and cross-bones was worked in black.

It was the sign of the ocean pirates, and he quickly suspected what deck he was on.

Upset as he was he did not lose sight of prudence nor the fact that he still had his life to preserve. That greeting hand was before him, but if was refused the advantage could never be regained. He stretched forth his own hand and grasped with firmness that might have passed for cordiality, and the other's fingers tightened in a hold even more forcible than his. It was a warm reception, but Barron did not thrill with gratitude. He believed he could read too much for that.

Unless he greatly erred, he was clasping hands with Captain Duke of the buccaneer vessel Sweeping Broom.

CHAPTER VII.

EVIL SHIPMATES.

"Welcome!"

The big voice boomed again, and Barron saw to it that he missed no response that would tend to preserve his life. The chance of the sea that had carried him to a pirate deck was as disturbing as it was strange, but his mind took a flight, even then, to his father in the convict camp, and he rallied to act with wisdom.

"Sir," he replied, "I owe you many thanks. After some hours on a slender plank this deck is like a whole continent, and every bit of wood a lease of life. I'm glad to be alive!"

The man laughed shortly, unmusically.

"So am I, but life is mighty uncertain, shipmate. Still, we live today, so to the dogs with tomorrow. We heard your hail and were glad to pick you up. Been a wreck?"

Zorr Rogel, who had received the first greeting, came into conversation glibly.

"Merchant ship Royal Oak, Captain Ray, from London for Sydney," he explained. "Had a collision with an unlighted craft supposed to be an abandoned hulk and went down. Perhaps all hands saved, and perhaps not. My shipmate and I got only a plank, so it was good to be picked up."

"A hulk, eh?" replied the captain. "Was it a brig?"

"The night was too dark and the alarm too sudden for us to say."

"Quite likely it was the brig Setting Sun. We saw her, and considered that her crew were hardly able seamen. They had an odd habit of leaping from the deck into the sea, first running along a tilted plank."

Such of the ship's bystanders as listened burst into loud laughter, as if at the hearing of a rare jest, but Barron did not join. He understood that the freebooters had sacked the Setting Sun and murdered her crew, and it was quite possible it was the wreck of the brig that had led to the destruction of the Royal Oak.

By this time the boat was rising to the davits, and as an officer shouted orders the hands became busy aloft and the schooner was prepared for further motion. When she was under way her captain turned to the rescued men.

"After your experience you will need rest," he said shortly. "I'll send you to your rooms, and dry clothing shall be furnished you until yours are fit for use. Sleep as long as you wish. After that we can talk further."

He did not any longer seem in mood for jesting, but made a sweeping gesture as if to signify that he was to be bothered no more. At his call an undersized man appeared, and he was ordered to carry out the plan outlined. As Barron and Rogel followed the former swept a glance around the deck. He saw that cannon were thick on all sides, and then he saw more.

Dimly rising somewhere forward he discovered a broom lashed upright.

As they reached the companionway Rogel touched his arm.

"Know where we are?" asked that sagacious man.

"Yes. It is Captain Duke."

"Nobody else. We are among pirates. Bad company for one like me, and no doubt you can say the same. Be mighty careful what you say and do, and we will get out of this all right in time. Without care you are a dead man. If Duke asks us to join his band, join!"

Barron did not venture a reply, and he walked in an uncomfortable mood. He could not dispute the wisdom of Rogel's advice. Knowing the way of pirates well by heresay, he was aware that to refuse the invitation mentioned would be to invite swift death. They had been received courteously, but no good will lay back of the fair words. Pirates were not life-savers, and if Captain Duke saw fit to give a friendly welcome it was because he was short-handed.

Practically, the rescued men were already facing the alternative of joining the buccaneer crew or meeting with speedy death.

The guide, who proved to be the cook, conducted them to an extremely small stateroom with two berths, and then, from another quarter, brought both inner and outer clothing. From the first he had not spoken, and as soon as his task was completed he left them in the same silence.

By the light of a hanging lamp Barron looked at Rogel, but the latter was calmly intent upon his surroundings.

"Comfortable," he commented, "but not so roomy as the Royal Oak. I hardly expected we were to be together. I'm wet," and he began casting off his garments.

"Is it better than the drifting plank?" Barron dubiously asked.

"Infinitely better, mate! I like a sound keel under my feet, and you can wager largely that this craft is as seaworthy as they make them. A clipper floater, my lad! Better? Lord, isn't it better to be living than dead?"

"Do you realize what pirates are?" demanded Barron curtly.

"Oh! Well, after a fashion, yes," replied Rogel, smiling.

"Ah! And what are they?"

"Free-living gentlmen it is worth while being on good terms with when you can't run away from them."

"Suppose we joined, as you suggest, and were called upon to shed the blood of our fellow men. How would you like that?"

Rogel, sitting on the edge of the bunk, paused with a wet stocking in his hand, looking at his companion seriously.

"That's a poser!" he commented.

"I know what I think."

"I know something, too. We live. We must sometime die. Unless we would hasten our final hour it will be well to act the part of wisdom. Anger Captain Duke and you die!"

With this he betook himself to the removal of the other stocking, and neither man said anything further for a time. Barron was exasperated by Rogel's easy manner, and all the more so because he realized that he was speaking common sense. Still, practical as he was, he would rather have sat in the berth and plotted relief, just then, than face the threatening inevitable of joining a pirate crew.

Their sleep had been brief in the early part of the night and their hours in the water trying, so neither rejected the offered rest. Rogel stowed himself away with unconcern and was soon asleep, but Barron lay restless for some time.

His journey to Sydney had met with a check. A few hours before he had been in the Royal Oak, hastening toward his destination at a pace of twelve knots an hour. Now he was a prisoner in a notorious schooner, begun on a career that might last for years before he could effect an escape.

Meanwhile his father toiled in the Australian bush.

The check, the situation, the compound of troubles gave rise to fierce anger. Back in Virginia the Barron plantation lay violated by aliens, somewhere in the world Jacob Gower wandered about in a life of luxury, while Clayton Barron bent under an unjust sentence and his son, seeking to succor him, was a captive of pirates. And this might last for years, for it was no easy matter to get away from Captain Duke's infamous company. An unwilling buccaneer, he might, perhaps, be compelled to lead the new life until a bullet ended his career, and thus die a pirate, himself.

Tormented by meditations along this line he lay with a harrassed mind until sleep came and ended it for a time. When he awoke day was abroad and Zorr Rogel was sitting, fully dressed, close beside him. There was a reason for the state of dress, for Rogel had secretly been on deck, but he did not intend to explain the fact, not wishing to tell why he had gone.

"Hallo!" he said lightly. "Got back to earth?"

Barron leaped from the berth and reached for his garments.

"Anything new?" he demanded tersely.

"Not a thing. Still, we are now awake, and I suppose we are expected to appear on deck."

"Subject to Captain Duke's will."

"Exactly!"

"Our own wills are eclipsed," said Barron, pausing in his work. "Shut into this vessel we are just the same as in prison. The buccaneers are surely not trailing a boat, and we can't lower one. We are helpless, and what Duke decides will be done."

"I've already told you what he wishes. I have read many a volume of pirate lore, some of which, by the way, are rubbish, and I can say confidently that Duke has need of us. Only for that we should be fed to the fish for food. Passengers never are carried in pirate ships. As I said before, he must be short-handed, and he will give us a chance to join his braves."

"A fine alternative!" Barron commented, frowning.

"The other choice is death. How about that?"

There was no reply. Barron continued his dressing, giving thought to their situation as he did so. Rogel eyed him narrowly, but offered no further advice. Presently the younger man whipped on the last garment.

"We will go on deck!" he said curtly.

They went, and a remarkable scene for honest scrutiny was quickly before them.

The Sweeping Broom was running easily before a quartering breeze, her white sails breasting gallantly aloft, and she was dipping into a blue sea that sparkled into rare beauty under the genial sunshine. These things, and her unbroken cleanliness were pleasing to the eye, but the agreeable quality ended there. Barron saw long guns in so many different places that it was clear the pirate could fight a masterful fight when there was need, while the belts of the men accentuated the tale of the cannon.

It was the first dog watch and the forward deck was black with the huddled, lounging crew. A weakling would have trembled at the mere sight of them, for villainy was rampant. Many nations were represented in the party, the black hair of the South showing hard by the flaxen light of the North, with the dusky skin of the Malay side by side with the blond of the Saxon, but otherwise they were alike—all were cutthroats, and ferocious even in repose.

No friend could be expected among them, and no mercy. Sea murderers, they looked their nature.

"Act as spokesman, will you?" requested Rogel.

The words brought Barron's gaze away from the forbidding crew. He did not take it well that he was thus desired, but it was no time for argument. Captain Duke was advancing from the rail, and Barron faced him calmly. The pirate was smiling, but smiles were a misfit on his hardened face, and carried no encouragement.

"Well, my bold castaways," he said heartily, "how do you find yourselves?"

"On the road to recovery, sir," replied Barron promptly.

"Good. Takes a lot to knock a sailor-man off his pins, and I knew both of you were sea-dogs as soon as you set foot on my deck. Neptune's sons have the breeze of the ocean even in their step. Still, shipwreck is a joke that few can see the point of. Sometime I'll ask you about your wreck, but not now."

Zorr Rogel smiled behind Barron's back. He had private reasons for believing that Duke had possessed full information for an hour.

Wrecks are too much alike to give real food for telling," Barron answered. "Anyhow, you saved our lives by fetching into these waters, and we are thankful."

"We wanted you," laconically said the freebooter.

"To add to our crew. Fact is, we are short-handed, and in need of hands as bold as you are, if looks go for anything. My lads, the chance of your lives is before you. Join our merry men and cast dull care to the winds. What do you say? Will you become members of my crew and serve in my clipper schooner?"

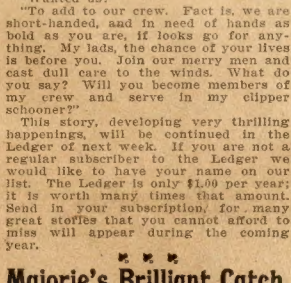
This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

Majorie's Brilliant Catch.

(Continued from Page Two.)

"Towner!" ejaculated her mother. "You tell me that Werton is the great Towner? Then why should he be short of means? Why—"

"Because," explained Majorie, "he's so wrapped up in his dream world he forgets to provide for the physical needs of this gossipy planet. And as for marrying," quoth Marjorie slipping her hand in mine, "if nobody objects I believe I'll marry Uncle Pete."



Excited Willie—Oh, pa, a circus is comin'.

Happy Papa—Do you want to go, me child?

Excited Willie—No, father; buy me a new arithmetic and two more orthographies instead.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

Well Matched.

First Bridesmaid—They are well matched, don't you think?"

Second Bridesmaid—Rather; she's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian.

An Odd Mistake.

A well known Chicago physician, who through his occasional fits of absentmindedness keeps his wife in a constant state of embarrassment and his friends delighted and amused, decided recently that he would sell his house. It wasn't that the house wasn't suitable, only he fancied that he needed more room and, as with him an idea is to act immediately, he hustled down to a real estate firm, and put the place up for sale.

After some talk it was decided to advertise the house immediately, the doctor insisting upon writing the advertisement himself, and, according to the real estate man, the advertisement was a "corker," setting forth in glowing terms all the advantages of the place.

The day the advertisement appeared the doctor took time to read all of the "House for Sale" advertisements, as he had promised his wife that he would not release his house until he had purchased another. He read along slowly for a time and then struck an advertisement that appeared to be the place sought.

"I say, Helen," he called to his wife, "Here's a place advertised that sounds like exactly what we want. Just listen."

His wife, who was getting the children ready for school, listened half attentively and nodded her head.

"Better look it up, hadn't I?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Who has it for sale?"

"'Jim' Brown, the same man to whom I sold our house to sell.

Next morning, bright and early, the doctor drove in his motor car to the real estate office.

"Hello, Jim," he said. "Where's this house you advertised yesterday? Think it's just what I want."

Brown took the clipping, glanced at it, and his eyes began to twinkle. It was the doctor's advertisement.

"Think you'll like it, do you, doctor? Want to go and see it?'

"Sure thing."

"All right, here's the address on this card. You'll get in all right. Come back and let me know if it suits you."

"What are you laughing about?" asked the doctor suspiciously as he took the address.

"Oh, nothing. Just feeling cheerful, that's all."

The doctor jumped into his motor car to gave the chauffeur directions to drive as quickly as possible to the address given.

The man drove the car rapidly for a few minutes and drew up in front of the physician's own house.

"I didn't say home, John," said the physician, as he started to get out.

"You gave this number, sir," replied the chauffeur respectfully.

"No such thing," said the doctor, getting out of temper. "I said 246 — avenue."

The coachman grinned.

"Well, sir, and ain't that home?" he asked.

The doctor jumped into his motor the card and then at his own door plate and grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, yes, to be sure, John, to be sure. It's all right," he replied with as much dignity as he could command.

Late that afternoon he met the real estate man.

"Say, Jim," he called, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm thinking that as my own house so perfectly meets my requirements I'll not sell at any price. Anyway, that's a joke on me."

The Farmers' Creed.

In these days of intensive farming, agricultural colleges, chemical fertilizers, E. M. Rapp, of Reading, Penn, county school superintendent has found that "The Farmers' Creed," written nearly half a century ago, is so adaptable to present conditions that he has had it printed on cards and distributed among the advanced pupils of the public schools. Here it is:

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought therefore to be liberally fed.

We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making the farmer and the farm both glad at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it—all the better with a subsoil plow.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizers for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence. Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farmhouses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it and a clear conscience.

We firmly disbelieve in farmers who will not improve; in farms which grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whisky until honest people are ashamed of them.

FALSE HUNGER.

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected by Good Food.

There is, with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

He Got His.

"Kerrigan, the guest said, "instead of tipping you every day when I come in to lunch I'll give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the week."

"Would you mind paying me in advance, sir?" he asked.

"Well, upon my word, that's a strange request, but if you are in want of money here is a dollar for you. I hope you did not distrust me."

"Oh, no, sir; but you see I am leaving here tomorrow."

3 Cents a Day Buys Sewing Machine.

You can actually buy a 25-year guaranteed drop head "Hunter" Sewing Machine for 3 cents a day. Just write to Duncan R. Hunter & Co., 12 South Clinton Street, Chicago, and say: "Please mail me your 'Hunter Sewing Machine offer.'"

Supply.

New Minister—Now just one thing more before I accept this charge. Have you got a "supply?"

Deacon—Well, yes, though we never said anything to the last preacher about it. I'll show you where it is, and get you a key, but I tell you you'll have to be just as careful about using it as the rest of us!—Puck.

A NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR.

We understand that the Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 118, Chicago, Ill., are offering quite a remarkable opportunity to one good man in each town in the United States, as agent and representative for them in the sale of their high-class made to measure clothing. Our readers have written of their success with the Banner Tailoring Co., stating that their samples and styles for young men are the most attractive ever seen, and on this account the goods almost sell themselves. They say that the profits are splendid and that they are having no trouble making an average of $10.00 a day.

The Banner Tailoring Co. tell us that they are willing to make any man one suit to measure at a special inside wholesale price, just to show what beautiful tailoring they turn out for so little money, and to help establish an agency. If there are any men among our readers who are looking for an unusual opportunity to get into a high-class money-making easy business or even if there are any men who would wish the opportunity of getting a beautiful suit at a very special inside price, we would urge them to write at once to the Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 118, Chicago, for they agree to send all such applicants their beautiful fall and winter sample book and complete outfit for taking measures, absolutely free and prepaid.

Trying to Arouse His Jealousy.

"A handsome man smiled at me in town today."

"Oh, well, don't feel bad about it; some women look even funnier than you do."

Ben Sheldon's Love;

Or, A SCOUT OF THE PLAINS

By Ella Martin

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 27, July 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

BEN'S EXPERIENCE.

"WE ARE in direst danger," continued the scout. "I saw the savages in all their hideousness of dress—their painted faces and feathered heads; and they made a grotesque sight, that would cast a chill over the most courageous."

It was only to men, stout men, and brave, that Ben Sheldon, the Scout, thus expressed himself.

"What is to be done?" asked Harold Lane. "We cannot successfully give them battle in this place, there are too many of them; we should be overwhelmed with numbers."

"There are two dozen to one, easily," Ben Sheldon returned, "no chance at all for the movers, unless some better defense can be made than is possible in this place."

He looked about him. Something must be thought of. He had left the Indians deep in their war-dance, and he knew it would be some hours before an attack would be made—probably not until after dark. For the savages usually chose darkness rather than light for their deeds of evil. And there were several hours of daylight yet.

Finally, the scout spoke.

"Hitch up your teams, and we will move on. Dutton may take care of Myrtle. It is those two who have brought all this trouble upon us, and if any one is to suffer it must be they. I will return to their aid when I can be spared, but my first duty lies here.

"There is a place farther on," he continued, "where a better defense can be made, and a more secure shelter for the women and children. When the Indians reach here they will be baffled, and will not easily find the trail in the darkness. They will suppose you moved out of here as soon as their emissary left, and will expect you to be far on your way. And it may be possible they will give up the chase and continue the search for Myrtle Wayne."

As he spoke he slipped from his horse and went to help carry out his own commands. There was great alacrity in the camp, even the women and the smallest child trying to do something to aid in their early departure. And in an incredibly short time the wagon train drew out of the little glade and wended its way along the plain near the mountain slope. The teams were not spared, but urged to their utmost speed. The scout rode ahead to select the place for their next stop; for well he knew that sooner or later they must fight the Indians or be massacred. And he must select a stronghold that would give them an advantage over their enemies.

A shot was to be the signal for the scout to return in case some danger threatened them; though Ben felt certain no pursuit of them would be made before darkness set in, and he hoped to have them where they could not be gotten at easily by that time. And there they must remain till he could bring Jack and Myrtle in safety to them. For, after all, they were his charges as well as the others.

At length he came to a spot where the slope of the mountain was abrupt and hollowed in as if a place had been scooped out in its side. In this hollow was an entrance to a cavern which Ben half suspicioned was there before he investigated and found his suspicion correct. Here was an admirable place, he thought to send the women and children out of harm's way during the fight. Below the mouth of this cavern, which was concealed by a thicket of bushes, the teams and wagons could be quartered, and in front of all breastworks could be thrown up, strengthening their means of defense. And all this must be accomplished before the night should come.

Ben, the Scout, tethered his horse and climbed to the mouth of the cave. He found a pine knot, and lighting it, entered without hesitation. At first he could see nothing, the darkness was so intense, and the flickering glare of the torch lighted the space around him sparingly. It was a large chamber, evidently, and shadows lurked in all its corners.

Suddenly he perceived two miniature balls of fire glaring at him from the blackness beyond. He started, taken wholly by surprise, and drew his revolver, as he shifted the torch to his left hand. He was puzzled, and knew not what his next move should be. Aware that it was some wild beast, he yet knew nothing of what sort of animal it was. For all he knew it might be ready to spring upon him—a mountain lion, a wild cat, perhaps. If so, he was likely to be worsted in the fight; the wagon train would go on and the movers would never know what had become of him.

Ben Sheldon was no coward, and when this thought flashed through his mind it was the safety of the movers that concerned him most. But he had little time for reflection, for the twin balls of fire were moving nearer. He made ready to fire, when these glowing orbs began to rise in air. He knew now that the animal he had to deal with was a mountain bear. A fierce growl confirmed his suspicion. Perhaps its mate was there and he would have them both to fight; he might be in a whole den of bears, for all he knew to the contrary. And this was the retreat he had chosen for the non-fighting members of his

He rode on alone to locate a more sheltered spot.

party! He thought of that, but did not see any humorous side to the question. And not for one moment did he contemplate retreat. He had known when he started out on this journey that he must slay the lions in the path, in other words, he must surmount all obstacles in the way. And he had need of this cavern. It was situated exactly in the spot where the best defense against the Indians could be made. If the cave was not vacant, he must vacate it. Otherwise, he would have counted discretion the better part of valor, and left Mr. Bruin in undisputed possession.

With a sudden movement he thrust the torch forward that he might see his antagonist. The pine knot gave a fairly good light, and by its glow he fired straight at the heart of the huge beast. Once, twice, thrice he fired, and then the torch fell upon the rocky floor, knocked from his hand by a blow from the animal, now maddened with pain. It lay there and flickered for awhile, then flared up, lighting the chamber more brightly than before.

Ben drew his knife and fought now at close quarters. His left hand was numb from the blow of the huge paw, but with his right he plunged his knife again and again into the neck and breast of the powerful beast, and all the time the growling from the maddened animal was enough to strike terror to the heart of the bravest.

Then a blow upon the head knocked the scout senseless, and he lay upon the rocky bottom of the cavern wholly at the mercy of his victorious foe. With a growl bruin place his great paw upon his opponent's chest; but the beast was weak from the loss of blood and swayed in his tracks, as if about to fall. He growled again, but seemed uncertain what to do with his conquest.

Suddenly the opening of the cavern was darkened. A moment's silence, and then a shot rang through the vast chamber, and the swaying beast toppled over and breathed its last with a few fierce struggles. The victory had been short-lived.

The torch flared up again and then died down and went out. The cave was in darkness except for a dim light in the direction of the opening. Ben who was gaining consciousness caught a glimpse of the bear lying dead in its gore beside him. He had heard the shot and knew that it was what had saved him. He turned his head painfully, and looked about him. For one fleeting second the light had lasted, and by its dying rays he saw a straight, dark form clothed in buckskin fringed and trimmed with beads.

An Indian, he thought, and therefore a new enemy whilst yet he was stunned and believed by the blow bruin had dealt him. His revolver was somewhere on the ground. He did not try to find it in the darkness, but grasped his knife, though he knew his unseen foe, if such he proved to be, was possessed of fire-arms. But was it an enemy? Whoever it was he had slain the bear instead of himself which would have been just as easy of accomplishment. At any rate he was obliged to await developments.

His impatience was greater than that of his rescuer, it seemed, for no sound came from the darkness beyond. A dim light penetrated the place at the opening, very dim it was because the bushes outside obstructed it, and it was this faint show of daylight that had showed him the form of the Indian. He faced about.

"Speak!" he commanded. "Tell me who you are—friend, or foe?"

A grunt like that made by a redskin greeted his ears, but it did not come from the direction he had expected. Had the redskin moved? and why? Or was there another—more of them? And what was the end to be? He groped for the torch, and striking another match, relighted it. Then holding it above his head he surveyed his surroundings. The pine knot lighted a space for some distance around him, but did not penetrate any more than before. However, by its light he found his revolver which he secured. All this time he knew he was a good mark for the intruder.

"Speak!" he cried again, and holding the torch above his head, he advanced toward the spot whence the sound, which he could hardly call an answer to his first command, had issued. But there was not even a grunt in reply this time. Whoever his rescuer was he had mysteriously disappeared. He had surely not escaped through the doorway, or Ben must have seen him depart. It was up to Ben to find out what had become of him.

He had intended to make use of these quarters; but he could not do so if they were already inhabited by hostile Indians. Still, an enemy would hardly have saved his life—unless, of course, it was to reserve him for a worse fate.

He advanced still farther and held the light high. There was no other outlet to the cave that he could find, although he went clear round it, holding the torchlight close to the wall. The chamber was so large that the greater part of it was in darkness all the time, the circle of light moving with him as he traveled its limits with the torch. The newcomer must have moved about with the shadows, keeping effectually out of sight.

At last he bent over the monstrous bear with the thought that it would furnish meat for the movers during their stay in this place. And just as he had given up hopes of finding the person whom he knew to be in the cave with him, he heard a sound, and looking up suddenly, he beheld an Indian girl, in the habiliments of an Indian princess. She stood leaning on her rifle, regarding him fearlessly, as if she had become convinced that no harm would come to her through him.

"How came the white man in Nekoosa's home?" she asked, and her voice was low and musical.

"The white man did not know the cave belonged to anybody," Ben replied. "He will go now, and the Indian maiden can remain in her tepee." He waved his hand, indicating the cave.

"Need not hurry," said the girl quietly. "Nekoosa lonely."

"Will the Indian princess tell the white man her story?" queried the scout. He thought it possible to win her friendship, and still have a chance to make use of the cave for his own purposes.

"Yes," she answered. "Nekoosa need a friend. White man be Indian girl's friend?"

"Indeed he will!" answered Ben, the Scout, heartily, "if she needs one. You saved my life, girl, and maybe by so doing you saved the lives of others."

He was thinking of the emigrants dependent upon him—who would not know whether to halt or to continue their journey if he did not return. They would never have known what became of him if the bear had killed him. Only this wild girl of the mountains and plains would have known where his bones were lying.

"Nekoosa's people live way off—many moons' travel," said the girl, beginning her story. "Nekoosa taken prisoner by Indians near hermit cave. But she escape and find this place. Then she live here and kill game. Not much ammunition left now. Nekoosa find it here when she came—this rifle too. Not know what to do now."

Evidently some one had inhabited this cavern home before Nekoosa found it.

"Well, my girl," Ben said reflectively, "I will tell you what to do. My friends will soon be here. They are emigrants, and with your permission will camp in this hollow. And when we move on we will take you with us. We will find your people between here and the settlement, maybe. If not I will take you to them when I have got my own charges through. You have saved my life, and I owe you a great deal. I will be your friend, never fear."

"Nekoosa satisfied. Let palefaces come," answered the princess.

It was at that moment that the signal shot was fired that was to warn Ben of danger threatening the movers, and his presence needed to be at the caravan. But the scout could not hear the shot from the confines of the cave. If any danger had overtaken the wagon train that necessitated his presence there he was in ignorance of it. Still the shot was fired. What did it mean? The Indian girl heard it and said:

"Listen! I hear a shot!"

Quick as a flash Ben sprang past her and through the opening.

"It is my friends!" he cried. "They are in danger! I must go to them!"

He would have dashed away, but the hopeless look on the girl's face stayed him for a moment. She had said her ammunition was exhausted. He could not desert her. Something might happen that he could not return. She had saved his life with perhaps her last shot, she should share his fortunes.

"Come!" he said, and she followed.

He raced down the slope and sprang onto his horse. Then reaching for the girl who had kept at his heels, he swung her up behind him and dashed away.

Ere long he had reason to be thankful that he had not left her behind.

Once mounted he rode like mad toward the on-coming wagon train. When he came in sight of the movers he brought the horse to a stop so suddenly that he reared upon his haunches in sheer surprise and amazement.

What a sight it was that met the eyes of our hero!

CHAPTER X.

MYRTLE AND JACK IN THE CAVE.

Let us return to our two delinquents whom we left on their way to the cavern in the mountainside which Ben, the Scout, had told them was called the hermit's cave. It was not an easy thing, for one who had never been in that locality before, to find the place and gain an entrance, when all the knowledge he had of its working was what he, in common with the rest of the movers, had heard from the scout.

But they set out cheerfully enough, and stealthily made their way to the place where they believed it to be located. None of the redskins were about, and they had safely gained a height parallel with the cave when Ben's investigation of the chief's tent disturbed the sleeping inhabitants of the Indian village. They heard the uproar caused by Red Fox' discovery of the scout's presence, and made haste to examine the cliff. Had it not been for the fact that Ben had been there before them, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting the rusty mechanism in working order it might be they would have found it less easy to secure the safety they were seeking. The moon was shining brightly, and they had not the disadvantage of searching in the dark. But long before they had found the right spot, and discovered the way to open it, they heard the baffled and furious cries of the savages in their pursuit of Ben.

Not being aware, however, that the scout had returned to the village (for Jack had paid little heed to the conversation between Ben and Harold Lane at the time he left them to go to Myrtle's rescue) he naturally supposed the hubbub was occasioned by Myrtle's absence being discovered.

It had taken them so long to gain an entrance that Ben had come stumbling into the place directly afterward. The scout of course did not know that the fugitives had preceded him, and he immediately made his way up the slanting, ragged surface of the rock to the chambers above.

Jack and his companion were startled into silence by the entrance of another into what they had supposed was a retreat not known to others. Motionless they stood clinging to each other in the darkness till the sound of the other's footsteps had died away in the upper distance.

Was it friend or foe? They could not tell, and to be on the safe side they hid from the newcomer, the very one who could have helped them, had they only known.

Behind the great boulder that closed the entrance was a nook where no one would think of looking, so the two decided, when by the light of a match they discovered it. One could come in and go out again and never think of any one being hidden there. And when the great stone swung back it did not come near enough to crush them.

But the chill of the place was too great for comfort, and leaving Myrtle safely in the niche Jack started in search of something to spread on the cold stone floor. He found some splinters of pine, and binding them together he made a torch with which to explore the caverns. He hoped to find some dried grass to spread upon the cold stone. If this place had once had an occupant for any length of time, there must be something of the sort to be found. His hope was fulfilled, and in addition a thing which he had not expected was the discovery of a pile of skins with the fur still on them. Moth-eaten they might be, but they could be used to cover the dried grass, and he removed them carefully to the recess behind the great rock.

All this time they were in danger of being discovered should the intruder come back from the caverns above. If it were a redskin he could bring the whole tribe to the place. Jack felt to see if the weapons he carried were safe.

"If we are discovered," he muttered, "he shall never leave this place alive!"

Myrtle was beginning to lose her courage, and when he put out the torch and seated himself by her side, she clung to him shiveringly. He opened his coat and drew her head against his breast with his arm about her, and together they sat there, snug and warm.

"Don't worry," he said, "no danger shall come nigh you while I have a strong arm and a knife in my belt with which to protect you. Are you sure you do not regret leaving the safety of the Indian encampment for the danger of the mountains and forest?"

"No, for I am sharing the danger with you," she answered with just enough softness in her voice to cause Jack to press her closer. "And I don't mind danger if there is a ghost of a chance to come out all right in the end. Do you?"

"No; that is one thing in which we are congenial."

"In all other things we shall disagree, then?"

"I hope not. But we can't be happy apart, and so—"

"And so we might as well be miserable together as miserable apart."

For a time these two young people, courageous in their youth and lack of experience, conversed thus lightly. Then, leaning against the wall behind them, they unwitting fell asleep, and slept the sleep of the just. For, although they had their faults, their hearts were warm and their spirits light. And though they were in the midst of danger, and alone in the heart of the mountain, they were young and unafraid.

And while they slumbered Ben, the Scout, all unconscious of their presence there, wrapped himself in much the same kind of covering found in the rooms above and he too fell asleep. How strange it was! So near the end of his search, and not to have known! How much trouble might have been saved if these three had met before they left the shelter of the hermit's cavern!

As has been stated, Ben awoke at dawn. He ate sparingly of his provisions for he knew not how long they would need to last. Then he descended the rude stone steps he dubbed a stairway, and left the place without looking around him. He had investigated thoroughly on his first visit there, and concluded that no one had made use of the cave since his boyhood's time; and therefore it must be a secure hiding-place. He did not think that the Indians had ever discovered it. And so he went forth, never dreaming that the two he was most anxious to find had spent the night in the cavern with him.

Jack heard him when he left, and felt a sort of satisfaction in the fact that he was gone. For now, whether it was friend or foe, the place was left to Myrtle and himself.

He sat there for awhile with Myrtle leaning against him, fast asleep; and he was proud in that moment of being able to protect her.

He had noticed, when the stone rolled back, as their fellow-lodger departed, that daylight entered. But he hesitated to disturb the girl in his arms. Finally, a voice whispered:

"Jack!"

"Yes."

"Have I been asleep?"

"I think we both have."

Myrtle laughed. It was a subdued sort of merriment, and it held a note of nervousness.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "Is it morning yet?"

"Yes, and our fellow-lodger has just left."

"Well, now that it is morning, what are we going to do?"

"What are we going to eat, you mean?"

"That will be a part of what we will have to consider before long, I presume. But let us look over the place first, now that we are not afraid of being seen. Let us climb those rocks to the caves above."

Jack relighted the torch he had constructed the night before, and they finally reached the upper story, as he called it. Here they found provisions and water.

"They belong to the person who spent the night here, and left just before you woke up," Jack said. "It looks as if this were a temporary dwelling for some one who wishes, like us, to hide from the Indians. Now, who could it be?"

"Some one who has escaped from the Indians, do you suppose? But where did he get the food, then? It doesn't look as if it came from a redskin's camp. I suppose we may eat a little of it, just a little," she finished hesitatingly.

"If we could gauge his need," Jack replied slowly. "If we knew how long he must remain here, we could tell better whether he could spare any. Can you wait till I go out and search for game?" he added. "Are you very hungry?"

"Oh, yes, I could wait! But what if something should happen to you?"

"I will be cautious."

"But what if the inhabitant of these chambers should return and find me here—an intruder?"

"You must remain hidden. But now that we have seen the provisions, I conclude he might not prove an enemy, but a protector, rather."

Then a thought occurred to him—a thought so simple that he wondered he had not conceived it before.

"Myrtle," he said, "what doits we are —what a doit I am!" he corrected. "And we let him go without revealing ourselves! I sat there and breathlessly waited for him to be gone. The stone closed behind him before I breathed freely again, or felt safety for you and me. If I had only stopped him! If—"

Myrtle caught his arm and shook him.

"What are you talking about, Jack Dutton?" she cried. "Let whom go?"

"It is as plain as daylight, Myrtle," he answered. "Our late companion in the cave was Ben Sheldon, the Scout!"

"Of all strange things!"

"Not so strange, after all. He was searching for us, and he made this his stopping-place. And we hid from him, Myrtle! Think of it! I came away while he was planning for Harold to take the wagon train on without him, and did not quite get the understanding of things. But these provisions came from the emigrant wagons."

"And now he has gone!" said Myrtle, in a dazed manner, the laugh gone out of her eyes and voice. "What shall we do now?"

"He will be back again," Jack said consolingly. "He will surely return. Ben Sheldon would never desert us."

"What a high opinion you have of him—the man you threatened to slay!" remarked the girl with smiling sarcasm.

"That is because I am not jealous of him any more," he replied.

"And, pray, sir, why are you not jealous of him?" saucily.

"Because you refused to wed him, and have agreed to marry me."

"Oh!"

"You did, didn't you?"

"Yes; I refused Ben for his own sake, and I accepted you for mine. And," she added, looking shyly at him, "because you loved me and he didn't."

The gloom deepened on the young man's face.

"Is that the only reason?" he asked wistfully.

"And because I love you," she said softly, her head drooping against his shoulder.

He drew her into his arms.

Just then they heard a sound from below, and the two turned breathlessly and waited, clinging to each other unconsciously.

Was it a friend, or an enemy?

CHAPTER XI.

INDIANS AND THE WAGON-TRAIN

We have seen in a previous chapter how Ben, after leaving the hermit's cave, never dreaming that the ones he was searching for had shared its safety with him, had joined the emigrants and led them away from the place he had at first selected for a camp-ground for them, and this because of the war-dance going on at the Indian village.

Knowing that the members of his little band were greatly outnumbered by the savages, he rode on ahead, hoping to locate them in a more sheltered spot, where a fight, if fight they must, could be better managed.

After he had gone, and while he was investigating the cavern in which he found and fought the bear and made the acquaintance of Nekoosa, the Indian princess, the wagon-train went on safely enough until the journey had been made to within hearing of a rifle shot of the place where the scout still lingered.

And then suddenly, so suddenly that the whole party of emigrants were all but paralyzed with fear, a war-whoop from two scores of savage throats rent the air, and the teams without parley were brought to a standstill.

There had been nothing but the utmost silence around them, no hint of the surprise that awaited them. They had been watched from the thickets, and this surprise prepared and sprung upon them, most likely.

But these savages were not in war-paint, as the scout had reported. They might however, belong to a detachment of scouts who were returning to the village. And these would be reinforced by the warriors who were preparing to attack them—these would hold them, preventing further progress till the others joined them and the massacre began. For it could be nothing else than a massacre—there was no chance for a fair fight. And Ben Sheldon, the Scout, was not there!

They gave themselves up as lost. But not without a struggle would they yield; they would sell their lives as dearly as possible. Some savages must bite the dust before the fight was over—some redskins should go to their happy hunting-grounds. So the little band determined.

When the war-whoop first sounded every man caught up his rifle, which was always kept handy, while Harold Lane, fearing to precipitate a fight if he fired a shot to warn the scout, instructed the nearest man to hoist a flag of truce, which command was instantly complied with. He had seen that though they were surrounded no immediate movement had been made to molest them.

"Parley with them," Harold said to Mr. Actkins. "Anything, only keep them talking." And with that he dashed away through the line of savages and galloped furiously down the road the scout had taken.

At first this action on Harold's part was not understood by the movers, and most of them thought he had deserted them, and consternation seized upon the women and children. In imagination they saw their reeking scalps hanging from the girdle of their foes. To save his own scalp, they thought, Harold had taken advantage of the fact that he was on horseback and broke away, leaving them without a leader. And one of the other men at once constituted himself guide and spokesman.

However, Harold's father and Mr. Actkins, who were driving the head teams, understood the young man's action, and at once began an address to the savages, who were nonplused, because they did not know what to make of it.

"You see," began Mr. Actkins, "we have displayed the white flag, the flag of peace, to our red brethern. We know not what is wanted of us, and we would hear what you have to say. Where is your chief?"

"Not come yet. We wait," was the laconic reply.

This information, sparse as it was, greatly relieved the movers. Especially, as they began to grasp the fact that Harld had gone to bring the scout back. As a matter of fact he had gone only far enough to be out of sight when he fired the signal shot, lest the Indians should suppose they had been fired upon, and the massacre begin.

And now the emigrants heard the shot that had attracted the attention of the Indian girl in the cave. The savages heard it also and at first were amazed. Then thinking some of the wagons were in advance of the other they rushed away in pursuit. This change in the condition of affairs was just as astonishing to the whites. But apparently it in no way bettered matters. Still, they had a breathing spell, at least, and a chance to consult one another. And the self-constituted leader directed that the wagons should be arranged as Ben, the Scout, had taught them, and as good a defense as possible made in the length of time they had for preparation. They knew this lull in affairs could not be for long, for as soon as it was discovered that Harold alone was ahead, the Indians would come swarming back. Harold's tactics had at any rate given them a respite. But some of them greatly feared for Harold's safety. His mother moaned and was perfectly helpless; but Mr. Lane was obliged to keep up hope for the best. He could not even pause in his work to comfort his wife. And Edith and Grace were almost in the same condition. But they managed to get the hysterical woman to the wagon in which the women and their little ones were to be sheltered, its position being inside the corral made by the other vehicles.

Then Harold Lane was seen to ride back and enter into conversation with the men at the foremost wagon.

"They will be here directly," he said. "But so also will the scout, I am certain, for I heard an answering shot. Do the Indians mean to fight? Did you learn?"

"They are waiting for their chief, they say. But most likely they will attack us when he arrives. In that case we are done for, for he will have another score or so with him, of course. There is no chance whatever for us."

This was said by Mr. Actkins, who added gloomily:

"We might as well shoot off the women and children and save them from a death of torture or a life-long slavery in the camp of the savages. As for us, we will all die fighting."

"Not by any means," cried Harold, cheerfully. "We are all going to live to reach the frontier, you will see. Those red men didn't look formidable to me. Just wait till Ben Sheldon joins us, he will know exactly what to do in a case of emergency like this."

The cheerfulness and courage of this speech was infectious, and the rest began to take heart. It was true the savages had not acted blood-thirsty, but merely curious.

And now they were returning on a

(Continued on page eight.)

A Triumph
Of Cookery---

Post Toasties

Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.

But none of these creations excels **Post Toasties** in tempting the palate

"Toasties" are a luxury that make a delightful hot-weather economy.

The first package tells its own story.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 60 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO

CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Most sharp retorts are made in blunt language.

A lot of the money people marry for is counterfeit.

Two may be company—unless they are husband and wife.

Life without love is like a good dinner without an appetite.

If a man has nothing to do he is always equal to the task.

After once discovering that he is smart a man can't forget it.

How giddy a man feels when he hears of a baby being named after him!

A man's idea of a charitable woman is one who doesn't hand him lemons.

Because others are worthless doesn't indicate that you are worth more.

Only the brave may deserve the fair—but more often it's the rich who win out.

Trousers that bag at the knees do not always indicate a praying man.

One can't always judge a woman's disposition by the size of her smile.

Of course the girl a man marries is a perfect dream—but later he wakes up.

A woman is willing to admit anything—except that her photographs do her justice.

Some men are anxious to get money because they think it will enable them to get more.

A man can lead any woman to talk, but he can't always make her say what he wants to hear.

There's nothing disappoints a woman more than not to be disappointed when she expects to be.

When a man gets so low down that even his dog forsakes him he has reached the bottom.

A coquette doesn't mean more than half she says and a prude doesn't say more than half she means.

A woman who tells a friend she looks well in an unbecoming hat will talk about her behind her back.

A cat may have nine lives, but when it comes to "kicking the bucket," an old cow has the cat beaten to a frazzle.

It sometimes happens that a woman marries a man because she is sorry for him. But is not that a poor way to show her sympathy?

(Continued from page seven.)

dog trot. They saw the altered conditions of the wagons at once and paused in surprise. They consulted together for a few minutes, and then advanced. At that moment a shot was heard in the direction whence they had come, and their amazement increased. It was a shot fired by the scout to tell them he was on his way to their rescue. The emigrants heard and felt new courage; for all had faith in Ben's ability to get them out of this difficulty.

At first the savages turned to go back to learn the meaning of the shot, but finally they gave it up and strung themselves out till they formed a circle round the wagons. And thus the movers found themselves surrounded by Indians.

And this was the sight that met the eyes of our hero when he thundered into camp with Nekoosa riding behind him. The Indians stared at him in surprise, apparently as amazed at his appearance as were Ben and the Indian princess at the sight of the redskins surrounding the movers.

Then Nekoosa said: somewhat.

"All will be well. They are my people."

Ben saw at a glance that the Indians surrounding the wagons were of a different tribe than those at the village by the hermit's cave. And the words of his companion reassured him somewhat. These red men did not look ferocious nor warlike, and he believed that looting the wagons was their object. He sprang from his horse and went forward, as if to command their attention.

"This is our chief," said Harold. "Hear him."

In an instant the savages had gathered themselves together in front of the scout.

"What would the red men with the palefaces?" asked Ben, with dignity. "We are peace with all the tribes throughout this country. Wherefore do you stop us on the trail that lead to the white man's dwelling? See! we have displayed the white flag," pointing to the handkerchief hoisted in the front end of the head wagon.

"We wait for our chief," said one of the Indians.

"Why do you wait for your chief in this manner? My people would go on their way, they must hasten, for their enemies are on their track—red men, who have painted their faces, and will be on their trail while they wait dallying here. We have not harmed our red brethren. We must go on."

At the information that warriors were on the trail of the whites, the savages became animated, even excited. They consulted together, as if forgetful of the presence of the emigrants. They gesticulated widly, and one of them dashed away into the thicket covering the mountain slope.

The scout did not understand this maneuver, and was growing impatient, for these children of the forest and plains had no idea of the fitness of things, and seemed to utterly ignore the interests of the emigrants after all he had told them.

"What is the red man's business with the palefaces?" he demanded again. "We must hasten. Speak!"

They had consulted together in their own tongue, and Ben was mystified by their speech and actions.

"We wait our chief," said one; "we have sent for him."

"But we cannot wait," insisted the scout.

"Go on," was the reply. "We will wait here the coming of our chief."

At this Nekoosa stepped forward, and the Indians seeing her cried:

"The princess! Our princess! She is prisoner of the palefaces! And we were on our way to seek her in the village of the red men over the mountain. Speak, Nekoosa! How came the Fawn in the hands of the white man?"

"Nekoosa is not their prisoner, but their friend," answered the Indian girl. "The whites are our foes, and the dogs of red men by the hermit's cave, who stole Nekoosa and slew many of our braves—it is they who have painted their faces and will soon be on the trail of the whites."

Like a fleet-footed fawn she glided to the side of the scout and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Listen!" she said. "This is the white chief who brought Nekoosa in safety with him on the back of his pony away from the cheerless cave where she had hidden from her enemies. He has restored your princess, whom you call the Fawn, to her own tribe. He must be allowed to go on in safety, and the palefaces with him."

These words were spoken in broken English, not quite so intelligibly as has been rendered, perhaps, but understood perfectly by both parties, or at least, the gist of it. But what impression it had upon the savages none could say, for they answered her in their own tongue.

But finally the princess turned to the scout and said:

"The white chief may go. Nekoosa will stay with her tribe. But she is grateful, and will not forget that the chief of the palefaces has befriended her."

"You owe me nothing, maiden," Ben, the Scout, returned gallantly, bowing with his best grace, which was not that belonging to a fashionable drawingroom. For Ben, the Scout, was but a man of the plains, with manners befitting his position; and the recipient of Ben's most graceful bow would hardly have appreciated anything finer, either. "It is I who am indebted to you," he added, "for I owe you my life, without which I could have done nothing toward restoring you to your friends. And even in that accident, or chance, rather has aided me. Be sure my people shall hear of your bravery in slaying the bear and saving my life."

Which could not be doubted, for Ben Sheldon was a famous story-teller, and at times entertained his charges, while seated round the campfire, when no danger threatened them, with narratives of his many adventures. It was this propensity to story-telling that made the scout so popular with the movers.

The wagons were quickly gotten into line again, and were soon moving rapidly along the out-going trail, Ben riding at their head.

The emigrants were in a state of trepidation. They knew not what to think of the turn affairs had taken. There were redskins on all sides of them, it seemed. And though these last were of a different tribe, and had shown no disposition to molest them, exactly, yet they felt that none of them were to be trusted. They had shown curiosity, if not covetousness, and it was the opinion of the majority that they would be followed and massacred in their sleep for the goods they possessed; though these, outside of the wagons, were very simple.

"We will leave the management of this tribe to their princess," Ben said, when he heard them expressing their opinion. "She is their chieftain's daughter, and our friend. She will hold them in check."

His hearers were only half convinced, and therefore only half consoled; but they could not change matters, and so tried to hope for the best. It was in silence they rode on, following their guide, and trusting to him to take them safely through this new danger. How glad they were they had not undertaken the journey without a guide!

Before long they reached the spot Ben had selected for a camping place for the night. There would be time to arrange a defense and get the women and children within the safety of the cavern, which could not be gotten at from above by their enemies.

After all was completed the men were allowed to seek rest, for in this retired spot but few sentries were needed; and Harold and the scout kept watch.

The men slept with their weapons near at hand, for all expected something to happen before the morning dawned. And their expectation was fulfilled.

But what really happened was something so strange and unexpected that the most imaginative mind among them had never conceived it. It was a source of wonderment, and furnished a subject for conversation for many a long day. And the awful incidents of that night went down into history, via tradition, for it was told from generation to generation. And it formed one more basis for a story by the campfire when Ben Sheldon, the Scout, in subsequent trips, led other parties of emigrants over this same route, and sometimes camped at the very place where the history of this night was made.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

Running the Customs.

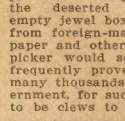
Somebody somewhere somehow sometime got the idea that anything that had ever been worn, or which was worn upon disembarking in America, no matter what it was, or what its value, or where it was purchased, was not subject to duty. He confided his hallucination to some one else, who passed it on to another. This tariff delusion, thus started on its travels, has spread like contagion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Soo to the Rio Grande, says a writer in the Technical World. Ninety-nine out of every hundred transatlantic passengers believe it with their whole soul on their first trip. They believe it just as implicitly as they believe that anything offered for sale in Europe must necessarily be a wonderful bargain. So they spend half their time abroad shopping and the other half wearing their purchases in order to escape the tariff, which, in the abstract, is a heavenly beatitude, provided it is only high enough, but which becomes an unjust tyrannical, oppressive burden to be evaded by any artifice the moment it is brought home to the individual.

On every west-bound liner crossing the Atlantic may be seen a few women suffering from the tariff delusion. They can always be identified by the preposterously inappropriate costumes they wear on shipboard. They suffer the pangs of martyrdom, for they know all the other women are talking about them, and they perjure their souls with false explanations and apologies to hide what everybody knows, which is that they are suffering merely to trick the United States Government out of the money it so desperately needs to pay pensions. The shrewder tourists on their first trip take their purchases to a secluded spot in Switzerland, where they wear them each for an hour, then sew in old labels they prudently brought from home. After the first trip they know better.

The inspectors who board the ships at quarantine do not make the examinations, but merely see that the declarations are duly filled out and turn them over to the supervisor in charge at the pier. Incidentally they saunter through the deserted staterooms collecting empty jewel boxes, labels hastily ripped from foreign-made garments, scraps of paper and other rubbish that any ragpicker would scorn, but which very frequently proves to be worth a good many thousands of dollars to the Government, for such things often turn out to be clews to attempts at smuggling.

AGENTS WANTED

Rider Agents Wanted



Ship in each town to ride an exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. *Write for special offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1911 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1909 & 1910 Models $7 to $12
all of best makes.
100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We *Ship on Approval* *without a cent deposit*, prepay freight, and allow *10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.*
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, and equipment for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-53 CHICAGO

PORTRAIT AGENTS Our new Portraits and Bromides are fine. Filling cheap. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St. Chicago

AGENTS—Dry Powder Fire Extinguisher; $225 made in one week. Richmond Chemical Co., Richmond, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

Agents make $3 to $5 a day. Write for free sample offer and large catalogue of 500 articles. Richardson Mfg.Co., Dept., 7 Bath, N.Y

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx. K14, Danville, Va.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT CO., Dept. 415Y, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination package of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent sold 53 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 307 Davis Bldg., 1481 Carroll Ave., CHICAGO

MARVEL SOLDER

INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

in all kinds of household utensils—enamel, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute. Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for automobiles. Send 10c for trial tube.

MARVEL SOLDER CO. 1937 Broadway Dept. G New York

AGENTS WANTED QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

AGENTS $5 a Day

Men should be easy selling our guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Cotton, lisle and silk, every style and grade. All must wear 4 months without holes or new pair given free. Fine profit. Good repeater. Easy seller. Write for terms. Free sample to workers.

THOMAS CO. 9317 Wayne Street Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send them Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

THE SIGN OF THE BEETLE;

Or, The Mysteries of Chrysalis Street.

By T. C HARBAUGH

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 26, July 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

MYSTIFIED MR. CHOPPY.

THE mad wrench which Kate exerted at that moment broke the silence.

"No! no!"

"By the heart of Ptah that you will reveal nothing you have seen in this room, living or dead, that from this moment you desert the fool who has won your heart, that henceforth you are the slave of Ptah, that upon your body you will wear the sign of the beetle and upon your bosom the scarab of immortality!"

The fleeting consciousness of the terrified girl blotted out his last words. Darkness came.

When she came back to the world of light she was lying on a rug that blazoned with innumerable scarabs, her back seemed to burn as if with fire, a room partly cast in shadow reeled around her. She tried to shriek, but no sound came from her parched lips.

What had happened?

She was the sole occupant of that chamber. The man with the scarabs was gone.

After awhile Kate pulled herself together and got upon her feet. She tottered as she advanced painfully across the room.

Her hand found the handle of the door and she jerked it open.

The darkened hall was before her and her own door stared her in the face. With the greatest exertion she dragged herself across the limited space and fell headlong into her own apartment.

Night must have come in truth, for her room was dark. She turned on the light. The little oval mirror above her dresser was the first object that caught her eye. Clutching the edge of the stand, she drew herself upon her feet and tore her garments from her shoulders. Then she turned halfway around and looked at her naked back in the glass.

It was there, on her flesh, the sign of the beetle, and with a cry she sank at the foot of the stand.

Kate Chalmers came to herself in the silence of her new quarters. How long she had lain unconscious she did not know. The light was still burning overhead and the mirror seemed ready again to show her the dreadful sign which had driven her into her trance.

But she did not look. She knew that the mark was on her white flesh and this sent a chill through every fiber of her being.

Fortunately for her the worry brought repose and she slept long, finding in slumber a lethe for all thought.

When, later in the new day, she went out into the busy town she did not know where to go nor what to do. At one moment she thought of seeking Julius Gwin, but disgrace held her back, and at last she turned away and disappeared.

Meantime in a store far from the scene of the girl's startling adventure stood the detective looking over a lot of weapons which had been spread out upon the counter before him by the dealer.

"They all make a report," said the young sleuth, half carelessly. "I want one that has no sound."

"They haven't got fairly on the market," was the reply.

"You have them, eh?"

"Yes."

"Let me see one."

The man opened a drawer beneath the counter and brought out a dark little spiral which he fitted over the muzzle of one of the weapons which Mr. Gwin had just handled.

"The Maxim silencer!" exclaimed Julius with a little smile. "I might have known."

"Let me show you."

The detective was escorted to a rear room where a target had been set up at one end.

The dealer in firearms leveled the revolver at the target and held it steadily for a moment. The target trembled a trifle and he turned to Julius with a laugh.

"But you did not fire!" exclaimed the detective.

"Ay, but I did," was the reply. "The bullet struck within the last circle."

Julius walked down the room and leaned toward the mark. The perforation was there, exactly where the dealer said it was.

"This new silencer is perfectly noiseless. It would kill one in a crowded room and unless those present saw the act of firing, they would be ignorant of the cause of death."

"I see."

"In the hands of a desperate man that invention is doubly dangerous," said the dealer.

"Why is it permitted to be sold?"

"I cannot tell you. It is not really permitted. We buy this new triumph in gunnery surreptitiously. It is too deadly to be sold in the open."

Julius ended by purchasing a revolver with the silencer and betook himself away.

That night he dropped into a shooting gallery and heard the new invention discussed. All agreed that it was the murderer's friend and the detective listened, saying but little.

When he took his departure he made his way home and filled the pipe for a quiet smoke in the solitude of his room. He had much to think about. The trail was bending in his direction. The story Kate had told about her adventure in the house where dwelt a man with the scarabs interested him, but he had not

"Was the beetle of your message like this?"

heard her account of the second meeting with that person.

A footfall came up his stair and the next moment his door opened and he looked curiously at the man who came in. It was Aldus Choppy, the butler.

The man came forward and took the chair toward which he was waved by Julius.

"You don't mind my coming here without an invite?" said Choppy with some timidity as he crossed his legs and got his breath.

"Not at all, Mr. Choppy," replied Julius. "You don't come to see me often?"

"I've never been here before," was the answer. "I haven't seen you since I found the man on the Persian rug."

"I believe you haven't. You're still in Chrysalis street?

"No, sir, I've moved," and a little grin settled on the butler's face.

"Got your conge, eh?"

"I guess that's what you might call it, sir, but I wanted to go any way."

"Who let you off? Marley-Grant?"

"No, sir. It was his wife who dismissed me."

"Without prejudice?"

"Hardly, seeing she wasn't in the best of humor when she told me to go."

Julius, knowing that the man would proceed, said no more, but settled back in his chair and smoked quietly.

"It was because I went into the library without orders," he went on. "Mr. Marly-Grant had just gone out after a little tiff with Madam and I took a notion to enter the library, for, to tell the truth, I have always believed ever since that night you know, that the secret of the killing was in that room."

"Eh? In the library?"

"Right there and nowhere else," said Choppy with a positiveness that carried some weight with it.

"What makes you think so?" quietly interrogated the detective.

"It was this way: The other night I happened to be coming down the stairs, and you may know, if you have taken notice, that from a certain step you can see into the library, provided the transom is a little open, and it was that way on the night I have reference to."

"Yes. I am following you, Mr. Choppy."

"Well, sir, there was no one in the room at that time but Mr. Marly-Grant himself. It was pretty late, the help had retired, and I hadn't seen anything of Madam for several hours. The first thing I saw was the master setting up a target at one side of the room. It had a bull's eye like the targets you see in the shooting galleries, but not so large. When he had adjusted the target to his notion he came back to the table and took a revolver out of a drawer. 'Heavens!' thinks I, 'the man isn't going to rouse the whole house at this time o' night.' I couldn't have stirred from that step if I wanted to, Mr. Gwin. Something—the master, I suppose it was—held me right there with my heart nearly silent in my breast."

"Well, what happened, Mr. Choppy?"

"Mr. Marly-Grant raised the revolver and held it at the target, the bull's-eye of which, as I should have explained, looked like a bug of some sort. I didn't hear a report of any kind, but a moment later he crossed the carpet and bent over the target. I saw him put one finger on the bug-like object and nod his head approvingly. Then he went back to his position at the table and did the same thing over. There wasn't any noise, but he went to the target again and put his finger on it as before. I never saw a thing like that."

"How often did he appear to fire at the target?" asked Julius.

"Three times. Then he carried the target over to the table and examined it in the light. After that he put it in one corner and hid it with a Japanese fire-screen."

"Rather strange proceedings," observed the detective.

"Pretty uncanny to my thinking. I descended the stair and passed out of the house. When I came back the clock was striking twelve and no one was in sight. The library was darkened. I wanted to see if anything had really struck the target. I opened the door and glided into the library. I turned on the light strong enough to show me where I was

(Continued on page twelve.)

This Suit For You

And a Free Outfit, Too!

Here's the easiest, quickest money you ever heard of. Just send your name and address and we will ship you—express prepaid—Swellest Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates, showing over 100 most correct and latest styles in Men's Made-to-Measure Clothing; also our special offer of free suit for you. We back you to win, no money or experience necessary. Our grand offer means to you at least

$50 A WEEK

$50 a Week Easily Earned Selling the B. T. O. E.

Yes, Sir—The Best Tailoring on Earth! Suits and Overcoats, $9.50 up; Pants, $2.50 up. Perfect work guaranteed to satisfy or money back. We give you special confidential, inside wholesale prices and guarantee that you can undersell all others. You *must* coin money with our goods.

No Capital Needed We put you in this big paying business and take all the risk. We show you how and give you exclusive territory. Most liberal attractive offer ever made, *how many!* Your one best chance. Keep this private and write us today.

ELK TAILORING CO., 753 Jackson Blv'd, Chicago, Ill.

I Stopped My Husband's Drinking

You May Do the Same I Will Tell You How

I will tell you about the simple home remedy I used; how I learned of it, and of the hundreds of others who have freed their homes from drunkenness by using it. I feel sure that this remedy which has done so much for me, should also stop your dear one from drinking, and I want you to know what it is. If you are personally interested in curing one who drinks, simply send me your name and address and I will reply by return mail. The remedy can be given secretly. Stopping drink will bring you happiness, so write me with trust and confidence.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON
13 ELM AVENUE - - HILLSBURN, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE FLESHY

Write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. Just send your name and address plainly written.

MARJORIE HAMILTON
Suite 761 Colorado Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$40.00 MOTORCYCLE

We have the largest line of New and used Motor Cycles and supplies in the country. Every machine guaranteed. We are the largest and only exclusive Motorcycle House in the world. Send us your machines to be overhauled. Send for catalog. Repairs a Specialty

HARRY R. GEER CO., 900 McLaran Avenue, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SICK Suffering WOMEN!

I WANT YOU TO GET WELL.

Send for my FREE HOME TREATMENT, it will help you right away. Ovarian Troubles, Pains in the Back and Bowels, Leucharrhoea, Dysmenorrhoea, Piles, Inflammation of the Bladder, Headache, Hot Flashes, and all diseases which pull women down and makes them miserable and unfit for motherhood, will VANISH like MAGIC. There is no use of you suffering untold agony any longer. Tell me where the pain is and I will help you quickly. Address

DR. C. L. HOLLOWAY, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

STEM WIND & SET

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give this Solid Gold Ring, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring and Chain. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. 708 CHICAGO.

HYPNOTISM Learn this wonderful science. Influence others and make fun and money. YOU may learn it. Write for free particulars to M. D. BETTS, Desk 15, Jackson, Mich.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned. Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

SPECIAL OFFER Send 12 CENTS for a Dollar Pattern Ring. Rolled Gold Shell Signet, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides. Any initial engraved FREE. Pass for a $5 ring and all the rage. DEFIANCE CO., 45 W. B'WAY, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 805 Scarritt Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Asthma HAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., 405 Poplar St., Sidney, O.

PHOTO PORTALS, secret cards, lovers' tips, work, ring and catalog all for 10 cts. UNION, Box 100X, PALATINE, ILL.

GINSENG is easily grown, clears $100 per square rod. Free Book. Co-operative. T. J. STOUT, S.B. 288, Edinburg, Ind.

Stir him up! Scold if necessary! Make him change the color of his gray mustache.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

A Difference.

"What an elegant timepiece that is!" said the old-time friend.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox; "that's about as elegant a clock as money will buy."

"You were once content with a much simpler affair."

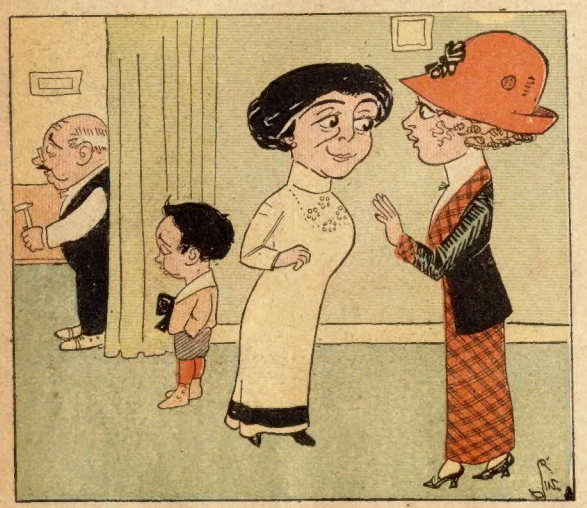
"Of course. Nobody wants to waste more than a dollar on a clock that wakes him up and tells him when to go to work. But when it wakes him up and reminds him that he doesn't have to go to work he feels more friendly and liberal."

She Was to Wait.

There was living in Illinois a solemn man who is often funny without meaning to be. At the time of his wedding he lived in a town some distance from the home of the bride. The wedding was to be at her home. On the eventful day the solemn man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that the bridegroom missed his train.

Naturally he was in a "state." Something must be done and done quickly. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come.—Henry."



Visitor—What a well-behaved little boy.

Mother—Yes; I told him if he was good he could watch his father take up the carpet.

Familiar, Anyway.

The two sailors had just returned from a long voyage, and it was good to get back on English soil once more. They were a little inclined to be sentimental about it. Above the rumble of the traffic they heard, one day, a very harsh and unmusical voice. After listening for a few moments, one of them turned to his companion and said:

"Eh, Jack, it's a long time since we've heard that song."

"What song?" asked the other.

"The one that fellow's singing in the street, 'The Light of Other Days.'"

"That fellow ain't singing 'The Light of Other Days' at all," replied the other. "I've been listening to him. He's piping 'The Banks of Allan Water.'"

"Here, Tommy," called out the first man to a small boy, "run along and find out what that man's singing!"

"He ain't singing at all," protested Tommy. "He's hawking herring!"

Fully Prepared.

When a certain little girl of Baltimore was recently sent off by her mother to visit an aunt in Washington, the youngster was cautioned that she must always be "on time" for breakfast while at her aunt's house.

"Don't give them any occasion to complain, dearie," said the mother. "You're always so late for breakfast at home."

When the little girl returned home, about the first thing she told her mother was, "I was down to the table every morning just as soon as any of them."

"Glad to hear that, dearie," said the proud mother. "How did you manage to be so punctual?"

"Every night," explained the youngster, "I put on my nighty and slept in my clothes, so's to be nice an' ready in the morning."

Curious Neighbors Foiled.

A wealthy New York society woman has recently become very much interested in city missionary work. In her district is a poor but respectable family named Moriarty, living on the top floor rear of a tenement house in a congested East Side street.

Every time she has visited the Moriartys she has been much annoyed by the staring and whispering of the other occupants of the building. The other day she spoke to Mrs. Moriarty about it.

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am," she remarked.

"They do so," acquiesced Mrs. Moriarty.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' Oi do not. Oi jist soy you're me dressmaker, an' let it go at thot."

Better.

Willis—I'm raising five hundred chickens on a five-foot lot.

Gillis—That's nothing! You ought to see the female relatives my wife is taking care of in our flat.—Puck.

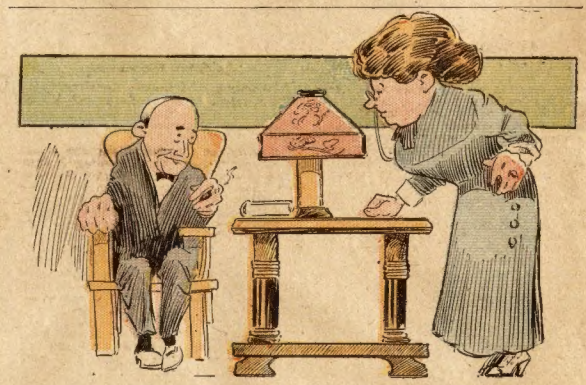
His Reason.

"What is the hash made of?"

"I never inquired."

"Why haven't you?"

"Because I like it."



Mrs. Knagg—I tell you it takes a smart person to get the best of me.

Mr. Knagg—I don't know. What is the best of you?

Resourceful Woman.

They were cast away on a desert island, escaping from the sinking ship with their lives and little else.

"Tomorrow," said the man, "will be Sunday."

The woman sighed as she put up her luxuriant hair. Then she stared at her frock and her battered shoes.

"George," she said to the man, "I want your help. Show me the things that have been washed up from the wreck."

He led her to the little heap of wreckage and she gazed at it meditatively. Then she went to work. She picked up a waste basket from the captain's cabin, encircled it with the rim of a saucepan and trimmed it with six feathers from the cook's duster. Then she hung a square of hammock netting over it and garnished one side with a binnacle lamp reflector and a bit of knotted rope.

Carefully balancing this masterpiece, she lowered it over her head and let it rest on her ears.

Then she smiled.

"Then let it be Sunday," she said.

Postponing an Issue.

"So your husband is perfectly willing for you to become a suffragette?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Torkins. "Only he is inclined to procrastinate. He made me promise that I won't talk about voting until I can precisely define reciprocity, the Monroe Doctrine and the initiative and referendum."

Too Much Ceremony.

A Cincinnati drummer happened to be put at a table at Columbus with a number of legislators, and the courtly way in which they addressed each other greatly bored the commercial traveler. It was: "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "the gentleman from Franklin do that?" They invariably spoke to each other as the gentleman from whatever county they happened to hail from.

For ten or fifteen minutes the drummer bore it in silence.

Then he suddenly crushed the statesmen by singing out in stentorian tones to the waiter: "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter?"

That ended the "gentleman from" business.

Enterprising Epitaph.

A commercial traveler tells of seeing in a West Virginia cemetery this epitah: "Sacred to the memory of James Perkins, for thirty years senior partner of the firm of Perkins & Parker, now Parker & Co., who hope to merit a continuance of your patronage."

The Usual Result.

Husband—Everything in this house is out of place. Been having an earthquake?

Wife—I've been putting things in order.

Never Despair.

At a St. Patrick's day dinner in Boston Senator Lodge once said:

"Low as was Ireland's estate then, there was no cause for despair. No estate is ever so low but that it might be lower. Like the woodsawyer's case, you know.

"'You need exercise, violent exercise, that's what you need,' a doctor once said to this woodsawyer. 'What is your business, my man?'

"'I'm a woodsawyer, sir.'

"'Well,' said the doctor, 'suppose you don't grease your saw for a month or so.'"

Neglected Opportunities.

"A monkey has four hands!" remarked the zoologist.

"Yes," replied M. Cardwell. "It's a shame to see the animal neglect its opportunities. It could play an entire game of bridge all by itself."

Eligible.

"It must be exciting to live in one of those South American Republics."

"Yes. Even if political disturbances cease, every man, woman and child will be eligible to some kind of a revolutionary society."

Deserted.

"Do you desire to have it understood," asked the judge, addressing the lady who wanted the divorce, "that your husband deserted you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell the court as concisely as you can how he deserted you."

"Two months after we had completed our wedding trip he scolded me because he thought I was extravagant in the matter of getting clothes, and I went home to my people."

"Yes. Proceed.

"Well, I waited and waited and waited for him to come and beg me to return to him, and he never did."

Impossible.

On their way out to Idora Park one night this week a couple of middle-aged women inquired of the conductor as to the nature of the entertainment in the Casino Theater.

"It's a play," replied the conductor, "and it's called 'Her Innocent Husband'."

"Innocent husband nothing," retorted the woman, "there ain't no such thing."

A Fair Chance.

"You look happy. Has Gwendolyn accepted you?"

"Not exactly, but I'm her second choice in case her father refuses to buy her a duke."

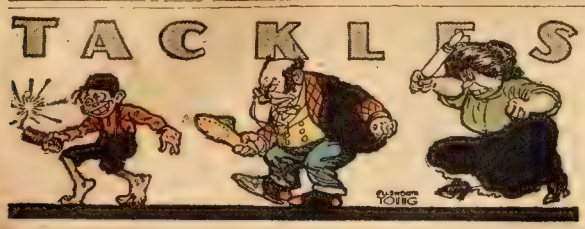
Able Assistant.

"That's a fearfully profane parrot you have."

"Yes," replied the canalboat man, "but I've got to have some help in driving these mules."

"Is she married well?"

"She is married so well she can't get a divorce."



SWAT THE FLIES!

When flies so far forget themselves
They light on hub's bald spot,
Just take a club or rolling pin
And show the flies what's swat

Billy Bee—What's the matter with your bill, old scout?

Moses Skeeter—Oh, these face lotions the girls are using now are so fierce that it's all blistered.

An Unanswered Prayer.

Among the exceptional privileges granted to the new housemaid by the young married woman were three free telephone calls a week, provided she was informed beforehand what the girl wished to talk about. At the close of a turbulent day, in which the wills of mistress and maid had clashed violently, Mary sought permission to telephone.

"To whom do you wish to speak?" asked her mistress.

"To the pastor of my church," said Mary.

Taking that pious ambition as a sign of contrition, the mistress readily gave consent. Mary went to the telephone.

"Father Grim," she said, "won't you plese pray for the woman I am working for and see if that won't take some of the selfishness out of her heart and make her see that it is wrong for her to ask me to finish all that ironing today when I could just as well let it go till tomorrow morning."

If the pastor prayed, his petition was not answered.

A Revengeful Hostess.

A gentleman, who was invited out to dine, at a fashionable residence in Buffalo lately, observed that the chandelier, over the diningroom table, was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red, and some blue.

"What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess.

"Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea, one must invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now last Tuesday I gave a supper, and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge for my enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale-blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute that they sat down. The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken back and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh, and began talking to a real homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby-colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So, you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous, I put them under the blue lights. It would transmute an angel into a scarecrow!"

The gentleman looked up. He was under a blue light.

An Awful Punishment.

A homely hard-featured, elderly temperance speaker of the feminine persuasion in the course of a lecture before a somewhat mixed audience found occasion to say:

"Friends, as I passed along the street at an early hour this morning I saw, lying in a drunken stupor amid the ooze and slime of the gutter, a poor, fallen, besotted fellow being. No good Samaritan came his way; the passers-by hurried on with merely a curious glance and left him to his shame. But as I passed beside him as he lay the thought came to me that, fallen as he was, that man had perhaps a wife, a mother, a sister, who loved him. So kneeling, I brushed aside the stains from his face and smoothed the matted hair back from his brow—and, dear friends, I kissed him."

Thereupon from the rear of the auditorium came the sympathetic comment of an interested hearer: "And you just served him right!"

Mistress—It's a fine hat you've bought, Bertha!

Housemaid (flattered)—Ain't it? If you'd like some day to wear it just to make your friends envious — —!

Devoted Friends.

"I had plenty of callers while I was sick. All the boys dropped around every day."

"You must have devoted friends."

"Not particulaly. What I had was a pretty nurse."

Where It Was Taken.

"Did Donald take it very much to heart because Marion gave back his ring?"

"No; he took it to a pawnshop."

Looked on Brighter Side.

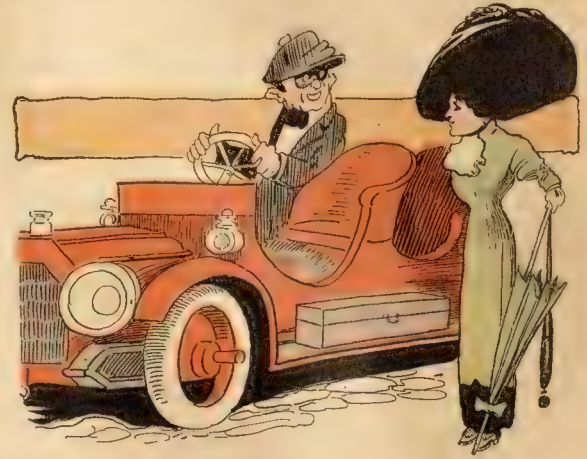
It was a beautiful barometer. It glistened from its splendid wooden case with a spick-and-spanness that boasted of its newness. Its rich framework clearly advertised the large price that had been paid for it. Its owner was justly proud.

But it possessed one drawback—it wouldn't work. Ever since it had been purchased it had remained at "Set Fair" whatever the weather had happened to be. And the weather had happened to be particularly wet.

At last its owner grew weary of its external beauty, and exasperated over its internal stupidity. One day, when the rain was pouring extra hard, he tore the weather indicator from the wall, and took it out into the road.

"Now, then," he cried, shaking it angrily, "can't you see it's raining?"

For a moment the needle hesitated. Then, as the raindrops began to dim the glass, it made up its mind and moved slowly round to "Very Dry."



Mr. Swift—Is it hot enough for you——

Miss Dill—What a foolish, trite remark!

Mr. Swift—Don't interrupt. I was going to ask if it is hot enough for you to enjoy a spin in my new touring car.

"Which of your daughters will get married first?"

"O, my youngest. Why, she can't cook or stew or do anything useful."

Conflicting Senses.

When the American sense of humor and the French sense of honor come together there is apt to result a funny story rather than a duel. That is the inference, at least, from this note.

A well-known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air and stalked out.

The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote "Admit bearer" above the engraved line and went off to the theater.

Satisfaction.

In "A Century of English Ballads," a recent book by Mr. Harold Simpson, there is a delightful story of Stephen Incledon, an eminent tenor of other days, whose singing of "Black Eyed Susan" was peculiarly to the people's taste.

While staying at a country inn, Incledon had quarreled during the evening with an army officer. He imagined he had closed the controversy by going off to bed, but the officer, left downstairs to brood over his wrongs, thought otherwise. Making his way to Incledon's bedroom, he found the singer fast asleep. When he succeeded in waking him, a matter of some difficulty, the officer demanded satisfaction.

"Satisfaction!" murmured Incledon, sleepily. "Well, you shall have it." Whereupon he sat up in bed and sang "Black Eyed Susan," in his best style.

"There," he said, lying down again, "my singing of that song has given satisfaction to thousands, and it will have to satisfy you!" And he turned over and went to sleep again.

The Panama Hat.

Eddie Foy, at the Lambs Club gambol in New York, told a panama hat story.

"A young clerk out my way," he said, "gave his girl a present of a panama last year. Then, the day before the Fourth, he got a couple of complimentaries for a picnic, clambake and corn roast down the river, and he wired the girl:

"'Meet me at pier 13 tomorrow morning at 7. Picnic. Bring panama.'

The next morning as he stood on pier 13 dreaming dreams of love, imagining a long, sweet day of billing and cooing, he saw his girl advancing with her father and mother. He was terribly annoyed, and on the boat, as soon as he could get her alone, he hissed:

"'What did you want to bring the old folks for?'

"'Why, Will, you told me to!' she said, and she showed him the telegram, which the operator had made to read:

"'Bring pa and ma.'"

Absolutely Honest.

"Is he absolutely honest?"

"Yes, indeed. He wouldn't even steal lumber from the new house that is being built next door to his."

Employer—We want a man; one who is able to take a calling down without giving any back talk.

Applicant—Try me and see; I've been married five years.

TOBACCO HABIT

Conquered in 3 days.

I offer a genuine, guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit. In 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening; it removes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other nine it is poisonous and seriously injurious to health, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, dizziness, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, impotency, loss of memory and will power. Impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, emphysema, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gradual, safe, agreeable way is to eliminate the poisonous poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and positively overcome the craving.

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

BOOK FREE. You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 5 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Secret Remedy for conquering the tobacco habit without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this notice; it may not appear again. Address: **EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 356 Y, New York, N. Y.**

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets** which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman**, Box 351, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

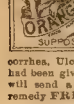
Make $8 a Day

Wearing This Swell Suit

We pay agents this big money for just a little pleasant work in spare hours. Besides we will make you a special inside wholesale price on a sample suit or pants for yourself. Have you ever seen our agents' sample outfit? It's beautiful and a great money-maker.

WE WILL SEND IT FREE! Write us now—Press agent will come to you in a few days to a few friends and make enough money in spare time to pay for your own suit. You can easily make $6.00 to $10.00 a day right here. Our styles are the ever-lovers—prices much too low-cloth—why it's so easy to take orders. Remember we prepay all express and mail charges. Don't delay—Get this big tailoring agency. Write us immediately—just say you're ready for FREE SAMPLES and special wholesale prices. Address

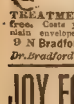
CHICAGO TAILORS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 110, Market and Van Buren Streets, Chicago



LADIES, Why Suffer?

ORANGE LILY cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration, and other irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50-cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. I. FRETTER,
Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.



REDUCE YOUR FAT

Take off 1 lb. a day, safely, surely, gently, until your figure is perfect. No starvation, no harmful medicines, no tiresome exercising. Absolutely quickest & best method. Big stomach, fat hips, double chin vanish. Shortness of breath, asthma, rheumatism, kidney & heart troubles leave as the fat goes away by my treatment. Write for **FREE PROOF TREATMENT, Book of Values, Price & Testimonials** free. Cases you absolutely nothing. Everything confidential—no questions. Address, **DR. H. ST. BRADFORD, 20 N Bradford Building, 220 Street, New York.**
Dr. Bradford is a regular physician, licensed by State of N.Y.

JOY FOR PILE SUFFERERS

A wonderful discovery has been made by Dr. H. J. Whittier, 11 W. 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo. Free trial treatments are now being sent everyone addressing him which give instant relief to the most obstinate cases of blind, bleeding or itching piles. No money needed—the Doctor wishes to demonstrate quick results everywhere.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We positively give Free a fine Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also a beautiful Stone Ring for selling 20 packs High-grade art post cards at 10c a pack. Order 2? packs, return sold and we will post you and Bracelet and Ring. **WELLS MFG. CO., Dept. G 28, CHICAGO**

HAY FEVER ASTHMA. Medical Science reports a positive cure for any form of Asthma or Hay Fever by the wonderful Himalya treatment. Trial Bottle Free HIMALYA CO., 309 Howard St., Detroit, Mich

DRUNKENNESS CURED AT HOME. Inexpensive treatment. Free trial. Secrecy guaranteed. Acme Method, 130 N. Dearborn St., R. 318, Chicago, Ill

DON'T WORK FOR MONEY I will give you a $1.00 bill Free. Write for it. E. C. MEEKS, Box 23, GLEN WILTON, VA.

The Sign of the Beetle.

(Continued from page nine.)

and then I went over to the Japanese fire-screen. There was the target good enough and to my surprise there were dents it it, for it was backed with a steel plate. The bull's-eye bug looked like a beetle, but it was a beetle the like of which I have never seen."

Choppy looked to Julius for an explanation of some kind, but as none came he proceeded.

"I remained in the library too long. I was actually staring at master's target when I heard the door open behind me and there stood Madam en dishabille. I was frightened out of my poor wits and the board with its steel backing fell from my hands. I hardly know what she said. She came toward me with a very white face, for I was the last person she expected to see there at that hour. All at once her finger covered me and there's where I got my walking papers."

Aldus Choppy finished with a little laugh and looked at the detective.

"I got it good and hard," he went on a moment afterward. "She demanded to know why I was there, and in the same breath I was told to go at once and never again set foot in that house. Of course there was nothing for me to do but go. But tell me," and a puzzled expression overspread the butler's face, "tell me, Mr. Gwin, how the master could dent the target and make no noise."

"You're sure you weren't dreaming, Mr. Choppy?"

"Dreaming? Not for a holy minute! I hear the voice of Madam yet."

"It's very strange," remarked Julius Gwin. "If I remember rightly, you didn't hear any shot the night the man had the Persian rug for his last pillow."

In a moment Aldus Choppy was on his feet, his big gray eyes astare.

"I did not, but merciful heavens, Mr. Gwin, you don't think—"

"I don't think anything." was the reply and Julius stood up his pipe again and struck another match.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR THREE HOURS' TIME.

Four days flitted into the past and its shadows and Mr. Julius Gwin seemed no nearer the solution of the mysteries of Chrysalis street than before. He had not seen Kate since her visit to his abode at which she had related her discovery of the man with the scarab ring under Mrs. Patten's roof. What had become of the girl? He had warned her to be careful in further investigations of this mysterious man. Perchance she had gone too far.

On the evening of the last day a man whom even the initiated would not have taken for the young detective brought Mrs. Patten to her door in response to his summons.

Had his cousin, a comely young miss, taken rooms there? She had told him that she had rooms in Kenneth street and had described the house, therefore he had come to see her. Mrs. Patten's face betokened anxiety. Yes, a young woman answering his description had a room in the house, but she had not been seen for several days, though she had her rent paid in advance, and the trim landlady feared some accident might have overtaken her roomer in the city.

Julius went away completely at sea. What had become of Kate? If she had gone away for a spell she would have communicated with him or have informed him in person of her intentions. It looked very like another mystery to Mr. Gwin.

He had not gone far when he turned on his heel and returned to the number. Would Mrs. Patten let him see his cousin's room? There was no objection and presently Julius stood beyond the door.

Seemingly nothing had been disturbed. Kate's little hand satchel reposed where she had left it, and the room had been tidied as though its tenant might return at any moment. There was absolutely nothing to tell Julius of the startling scene before the oval mirror, no reflection on its polished surface of the sign of the beetle on innocent flesh, and he was therefore at a loss to account for the strange disappearance.

He knew that just across the hall was the abode of the man with the head of Ptah, the man who had throttled him in the hallway on Lenox street and robbed him of the two silken bags containing the glowing scarabs found on the bodies of the two murdered men. Kate had found this dark-faced individual, had come face to face with him and had seen the beetle marked tablecloth which gave him away.

Beyond the portal of this chamber reigned a silence akin to death. Julius stood in the corridor a full minute and regarded the closed door. He wondered if he was at that moment near the mysterious one whom he had seen reel from before Marly-Grant in the so-called empty house in Chrysalis street.

He slipped across the way and gently seized the handle of the forbidden portal. It turned so far and then baffled him. It was locked. Evidently at that moment Mrs. Patten's roomer was not there.

The detective came down stairs puzzled and mystified. He left the house and stood for a second on the pave beyond. Did the closed room hold the secret of Kate's vanishment?

As he moved away he saw a shadow nearing him. Hastily he ensconced himself in a friendly area and the maker of the shadow passed him. It was the mysterious Mr. Golden.

Julius saw him run lightly up the steps of Mrs. Patten's abode and let himself in with a latch-key. The door shut behind the man with a slight bang.

In another moment Mr. Gwin was pacing it back toward the house itself.

He had encountered this man once to his sorrow, but he was determined, if possible, to face him again.

He was admitted once more by the landlady and, saying that he would look at his cousin's room again, ascended the stair.

A light shone over the door of the dark man's room and Julius studied it for a minute. Then his hand rapped gently and he heard footsteps approach the door. It opened to show him the face of the man with the beetle ring and in the light that prevailed he saw the patch on the somber forehead.

Before Golden could close the portal in the detective's face Julius was inside.

"Sit down!" he said in commanding tones to the person who had whirled on his heel and was now staring at him with eyes which, had they been arrows, would have pierced him with their barbs.

A revolver glittered in the detective's hand, and, seeing this, the other one walked sullenly to the chair near the table and took it without a word.

"We are not total strangers," said Julius, noting the features of the man. "We have met before. I see now that you did not perish in the house in Chrysalis street."

A smile grew into existence on the other's face and he showed the edges of his milky teeth.

"What is it to you," he growled, "whether I died there or not?"

"Very little, perhaps," answered the detective. "He shot to kill that night?"

There was no reply for the man opposite seemed to draw within himself as he waited for another move on his visitor's part.

"I don't want you very bad," proceeded Julius, watching him closely, "that is, unless you've had your hand in something just now uppermost in my mind."

"Then why this intrusion?"

"I want my beetles."

A rapid change came over the face of the man opposite. "I was a ninny to show them to you," Julius continued. "It's the fact that you got the upper hand on Lennox street. You've got the scarabs, haven't you?"

"What if I have?" defiantly.

"I want them."

"Oh, there's nothing small about you, Mr. Julius Gwin. You see I know your name and your calling."

"Yes."

"They're in the drawer here," and his hand moved toward the table, but the revolver which the detective gripped shot forward and almost collided with his face.

"Never mind them just now," he said. "We'll come back to them presently."

The dark-faced one sank back into his chair.

"I believe on another occasion you told me that you are the reincarnation of the great god Ptah?"

"I am," snapped the other.

"Well, it isn't very often I have to deal with such a distinguished personage," grinned Julius. "But we'll not discuss your history. I want to know why you harrass Mr. Marly-Grant, the well known financier who inhabits Chrysalis street."

At this the man opposite gave a lurch forward, but as suddenly settled back again.

"If you will tell me why you have intruded we might come into a better acquaintanceship. You can have nothing against me, Mr. Julius Gwin."

"That depends. You did not slay the men with the beetles who died in Chrysalis street?"

"I? Men don't usually kill their banded brethren."

"Not as a rule," Julius answered. "It was the silent doom that overtook them."

"You may well say so. You've discovered that much, eh?"

The young sleuth nodded.

"That is more than all the others have guessed," said the dark-faced one.

"Who killed those men?"

"They've got one in prison for those crimes."

"Russell Marly? Yes."

"It looks pretty black against the young man. He was in the house the night of the first mystery and on the grounds of the second one. He admits that."

"He does."

"But you—you, Mr. Julius Gwin—you don't take any stock in the accusation?"

"I do not."

"Will you let me get up?"

Julius looked into the eyes that glowed like the brilliant backs of the ancient beetles and nodded permission. Slowly the man rose to his feet.

"May I cross the room?"

Julius shifted his weapon so as to keep his antagonist covered and said:

"You can cross the room."

The man with the scarab ring crossed the room and halted at the wall where a man's garment hung.

He saw him place one of his long hands into a pocket and quickly withdraw it. Then he came back to the table with something in his closed fingers.

The next moment that something dropped upon the table. The detective leaned forward.

"A Maxim silencer!" he exclaimed, elevating his eyes to the man's face the following moment.

"Doesn't that little thing answer you?" cried the man, returning the detective's wondering gaze. "Now, Mr. Julius Gwin, I give you everything I possess in this world for three hours of freedom."

Before Julius could answer there rained upon the table jewels that nearly blinded him with their flashings. They came—from he hardly knew where. There were diamonds, rubies, sapphires, topazes and carbuncles, jewels worth a king's ransom, and, to top the heap, the man wrenched the scarab ring from his finger and cast it from him.

"For three hours of freedom!" he exclaimed, as his eyes got a light as intense as that which sprang from the glittering pile. "I go from this room a beggar for three hours. I have flung the wealth of a king's tomb before you, Julius Gwin. There lie the gems that encircled the neck of Pharaoh's daughter, there are the rubies that Cleopatra kissed, there shine the pearls that glowed on the bosoms of the brides of the sacred Nile; you behold the octagon sapphire which centuries ago was the wonder of the ancient world. What say you, Julius Gwin? Shall I have the three hours?"

"For what?" asked the astonished detective.

"You shall know later on. The newspapers will glow with accounts of the vengeance of the Brotherhood. There is a silencer as terrible as the one you are now trading. Shall it be three hours?"

"If I refuse——"

"For the sake of that vengeance which has slept for years," cried the man, bending forward, "for the sake of those who kept their oath give me the three hours."

Julius Gwin was half dazed. His glance roamed from the gems to the anxious features before him.

"On one condition," said he, "the time is yours."

"What is that?"

"You must tell me the story of this great mystery. You must tell me what has become of the woman Russell Marly loves."

"It's a bargain, man to man!" was the answer.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.

For one hour Julius Gwin listened to the narrative spun in the little room by the man with the beetle ring. All the while the gems sparkled on the tablecloth covered with brilliant beetles which seemed alive. It was a strange, weird tale of the land of the Egyptians, of a dark league formed there years before the scenes related in our romance, of a terrible oath taken by a lot of men, of the robbery of kingly tombs in which rested the mummies of the ancient kings, of the division of the spoil, of the scattering of the robbers, of the coming to America of some of the conspirators, and how one of their number had thrown off the oath of Brotherhood.

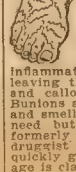
"Now," finished the narrator, "you have given me the three hours. The gems are yours, Julius Gwin," and Golden gestured toward the shining heap. "I am the purveyor of justice. I am the reincarnation of Ptah. I am also the last of the Brotherhood. One by one they have gone to their doom, for the curse of the Egyptian crime is over all."

He rose to his feet, and, standing before the silent detective, looked down into his face.

"But the girl Kate?" said Julius, re-

Tender Nerve Centres

Cause Foot Torture. Try This Sure Cure for Foot Troubles.



The nerve centres of the feet are very near the surface and are very sensitive Undue pressure or friction from shoes too tight or too loose sets up an inflammation and acute soreness follows that is frequently an agony. Don't suffer an hour. Here is an infallible treatment that will cure this and all foot troubles. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of hot water. Soak the feet in this for full fifteen minutes, gently massaging the sore parts. (Less time will not give desired results.) Repeat this each night until cure is permanent." The effect is simply astonishing. Every bit of soreness and inflammation is drawn out immediately, leaving the feet fresh and cool. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off. Bunions are reduced to normal. Sweaty and smelly feet, swollen and tender feet need but a few treatments. Calocide formerly used only by doctors but any druggist now has it in stock or will quickly get it. A twenty-five cent package is claimed to cure the worst feet.

turning that look. "You have not told me of her. She encountered you?"

"Yes, in this room!" was the reply, accompanied by a sardonic smile.

"Where is she?"

"I cannot say."

"You did not take her life?"

"Why should I?"

"For days she has been missing."

Golden shook his head.

"You are not taking from my three hours the time you are holding me here?"

"No," smiled Julius. "Your time begins when we separate."

"You will find the American girl. Her lover will find her as well. She need not wear the mark all her life."

"The mark?" cried Julius. "What mark?"

"The sign of the beetle."

"My God! You did not——"

The man with the beetle suppressed him with a wave of his long dark hand.

"I—I had to do something to terrify her into silence," he answered.

"Hound!" and the detective was on his feet with the revolver gripped savagely in his hand.

"It was an impulse," said Golden. "I have said that she need not wear the sign the rest of her natural life. You have good chemists in this country," and he became as mute as a clam.

Julius studied the somber face for half a minute.

"How are you going to occupy your three hours?" he asked.

"Let the future speak," was the reply, "for speak it will."

A minute later the young detective walked down the steps of the house and vanished.

What a strange, dark story he had listened to. In all his career he had never heard one that approached it.

And then he reflected it was just such a story as one might expect from a man who knew a great deal from the dark tombs of the Egyptian kings.

Julius set out to trace Kate Chalmers. Where to look for her trail he did not know. There was no clew, and for some time he attempted to wrest from the unknown a trace of Golden's victim.

When he looked at his watch in the solitude of his own quarters he gave a little start. Golden's time had expired. The three hours were up and he (Julius Gwin) was almost as much in the dark as ever.

Of a sudden flying footsteps came up his stair and he turned expectantly toward the door. It burst open and Aldus Choppy almost fell into the room.

"The house! the master!" he exclaimed, dumping himself into a chair with his breath going out by gasps.

"What has happened?" cried Julius.

"It's in the empty house they found him!" continued Choppy, "and Madam—"

With a muttered curse Julius plunged at the butler and shook him out of his fright.

"Come, get a firm hold on your senses!" he exclaimed between shakes. "What has happened to Madam in the empty house?"

"You must go and see. It is not Madam I mean, though she was there. She——"

The detective seized his hat and left Choppy to get his senses without further hindrance.

Twenty minutes afterward he found himself in the grove between the so-called empty house and the avenue. Not a gleam of light came from the place.

If any living or dead thing was there it must be in the Egyptian room surrounded by darkness.

But how did Aldus Choppy know?

Mr. Gwin made his way to the rear of the premises, for the front door would not yield, and effected an entrance.

As he laid his hand on the newel of the mahogany staircase he suddenly withdrew it for something had met his touch which nearly drew forth an exclamation. It was not water; it was too thick for that, and for a moment he stood in the gloom, and then, goaded by a swift impulse, he dashed up the steps.

Despite the darkness he found his way to the door of the Egyptian apartment.

With his hand on the knob he stopped, for a strange sound had fallen upon his trained ears. Something was in the hall with him, something which he could not see, but he imagined that it was crouched in a corner almost within reach.

The noise was like a groan and Julius knew that whoever had made it was not dangerous. He moved forward and put out his hand. The unseen object which he touched recoiled, but he did not let it escape him.

"Mercy!" cried a voice that cut the darkness like a sword. "Go not into the room yonder."

Julius drew the speaker toward him. The voice was not a strange one. He had heard it before and knew that his hand was on the arm of Russell Marly's sweetheart.

"What is in the Egyptian room?" he asked. "You have been there? I am Julius Gwin——"

"Oh, heaven!" and again the speaker drew back.

"We will see," said he, resolutely. "Will you come?"

"I? No, no!"

She broke from his grasp and he heard her feet on the gloomy staircase.

In another moment he had pushed open the door which hid the mystery. The interior of the place was as dark as the narrow hall. The detective's hand found the electric button, and suddenly the whole room with its ancient symbols swam in lurid light.

At first Julius saw nothing. Then his eye caught sight of a human figure prone upon the beetle rug at the foot of the table. He was there in an instant.

"Marly-Grant!"

The rich man's name echoed strangely in that singular apartment.

Half stretched out on the brilliant rug, with his wide-open eyes staring at the ceiling overhead, lay Marly-Grant.

In one of the half-open hands something glittered weirdly. Julius Gwin stooped and picked it up. With distended eyes he gazed at the sacred beetle and saw how it scintillated in the lurid light of the Egyptian room.

The rich man was dead. The traitor of the Brotherhood of the Beetle had passed the boundary of time and launched his back upon the seas of infinity.

The detective drew the body into the full glare. He saw no marks of violence but a little discoloration at the throat, but he knew how the man with the scarab ring had put in a part of his three hours. All this was as plain as though the story had been traced on the wall in letters of living fire.

Julius rose to his feet and cast a glance around the place. Nothing denoted a struggle. It was as though the avenger had stolen upon the financier and finished him before he could raise a hand in self-defense.

Suddenly steps were heard in the outer hall and the door was flung inward.

Mr. Gwin turned and faced the intruder, a woman in rich gowns, who recoiled at sight of him and threw up her jeweled hands in amazement.

Mrs. Marly-Grant stood before him!

"You have found him?" said the rich woman, as her eyes fell upon the immobile yet questioning face of the detective. "How knew you he were here?"

"How did you know, Madam?"

"The messenger!" cried the white-faced woman. "It came to me an hour ago and I came hither. Then I went away only to come back. It was a very strange message, a bit of paper telling me I was wanted here and upon it was traced a great black beetle."

She stopped suddenly and looked down at the dead.

"Have you seen all, Madam?" asked the detective.

"What more is there to see?"

Julius coolly turned the body over upon its face and proceeded to rip the clothes downward from the neck.

"What would you do?" cried the woman, gripping his arm.

"One moment, Madam. Look! Was the beetle of your message like this one?"

A wild, echoing cry rang from the woman's throat for between the dead man's shoulder-blades was a scarab nearly as large as a human hand!

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE WINS AT LAST.

The millionairess of Chrysalis street recoiled to the wall with her gaze riveted upon the sign which the detective's act had revealed. He was afraid she would sink to the floor unconscious, but she pulled herself together with astounding cleverness.

"The last man did this!" she said, the words falling from her lips like ice water dropping upon heated iron.

"Who was the last man?" asked Julius Gwin.

"I found the memoranda in his private desk, in my husband's private desk, I mean. I broke the lock in my madness, but tonight I know the whole story. I have read his confession. He belonged to the Brotherhood of the Beetle. It was formed in Egypt years ago. He resolved to break from it, but they would not let him. Finally one came and he died at the foot of the stair on the Persian rug; then the other one met his doom in or near this house. He set the detectives upon Russell's trail. He thought he had slain the third man in this room some nights ago. It was a terrible confession for a man. He must have failed with the last one. Tell me, Mr. Gwin, how he slew the first man in my house when no one heard the shot."

"With this, Madam," smiled Julius, as he drew from his pocket a revolver upon which he coolly fitted the Maxim silencer. She watched him breathlessly.

"I don't understand," she murmured, looking up into his face.

"Watch the mirror yonder," was the reply and Julius leveled the weapon at the shining glass across the room.

Instantly the mirror was shattered into a thousand fragments and yet not a sound was heard.

Mrs. Marly-Grant shuddered and turned away.

"The mystery is solved," the detective heard her say.

"Shall I find the last man for you, Madam?" he asked, as she once more confronted him.

"No, no!"

"But you man was your husband."

"Yes."

"And the last man killed him."

"Let the avenger go," came slowly over the ashen lips of the rich woman.

"Madam," resumed Julius, "this act clears your son and he can now come back to the woman who has stood nobly by him."

"To that girl?" cried the woman. "Let him have her! Their blood is the same."

Julius Gwin's face became a study.

"But you said once, Madam, that she was his inferior. You declared that if she still clung to your son——"

A wild laugh breaking over the woman's lips interrupted the detective.

"My son?" she cried. "Yes, if he were my son it should be so."

"Not your son" and Julius Gwin took a step toward the woman against the somber wall.

"I have my secrets as well as that man yonder. Russell Marly is a waif. Not even my husband knew. The woman can have him," and she laid her hand on the doorknob.

"Is this true, Madam? Do you tell me that Russell Marly is not your son?"

"It is as true as that God reigns in Heaven!" she declared in startling tones. "Before I married Marly-Grant I brought into the world a son. He died soon after greeting the light of day. I took a babe from the foundling hospital. I raised that child as my own."

"But his parentage?" demanded Julius.

"You must wrest that secret from the books of the foundlings. I know, but it is not for my lips to tell you. Yes, Mr. Julius Gwin, the drama is played out. Today I have neither kith nor kin in all this world. The girl can have him, for she is as bloodless as the young man who is in the shadow of the rope."

She turned and opened the door. Julius Gwin saw her depart and her footfalls died away on the stair.

What an ending it was

Once he thought of rushing after the rich woman, but he held back, for something at that moment had caught his eye on the carpet.

He stooped and picked it up, drawing closer to the light.

It was a little scarab with a tiny dagger thrust through it and around the dark hilt was a bit of paper wrapped.

Smothering with curiosity the detective unwrapped the paper and read at a glance:

"A thousand thanks for my three hours," Julius Gwin. The oath breaker is dead. I am the last of the Brotherhood, but yet the reincarnation of the great Ptah.

The man who went down the gloomy staircase let himself out into the night.

The following day a door opened behind stone walls and Russell Marly, so-called, slipped out into the warm sunshine. Like a man in a trance he listened to the strange story which fell from the detective's lips and then bowed his head in silence.

"Not her son? Thank Heaven!" rose from his lips, the first words he uttered. "Now for Kate!"

It was not a long hunt.

When Mrs. Patten opened her door to them her face told them that the search was ended.

Kate had come back.

"No," she said, in answer to her lover's warm greetings. "I cannot, Russell. A woman marked for life must hide the rest of her life in some secret place in the world."

He drew her to him and covered her forehead with kisses.

"You shall be mine if a thousand beetles mar your flesh!"

"I cannot, cannot!"

Julius Gwin stole away and left them there, face to face in Kate's little room.

"I shall find that man!" suddenly cried Russell, darting from the chamber and pausing at the door opposite. "The wretch who scarred you, my love, knows how to make your flesh whole."

The door opposed him like a mountain of unyielding adamant. He wrenched at the lock like a madman. At last he drew back and hurled himself against the portal. It went inward with a crash.

The man with the scarab was not in sight.

Russell sprang to the table in the middle of the room and caught up a phial which stood on the beetle-marked cloth.

"Look!" he cried, whirling upon the pallid young woman at the open door. "Behold, Kate dear, the elixir of life!"

They went to the light and held the phial in their quivering hands.

"His vengeance satiated, he leaves you the extinguisher of the sign of the beetle," Russell exclaimed, for he had read the few words traced on the phial itself.

A cry of joy fell from the girl's lips and she looked everlasting love and happiness into the eyes that beamed upon her glowing face.

Never again appeared to human eyes this side of the Atlantic the man of the scarabs.

Time came when Russell learned the secret of his birth and that it was an honorable one, and when Kate stood at the altar there glistened upon her bosom gems which centuries before had sparkled at the bridal of the fairest of Pharaoh's line, and far across the seas dwelt the proud and haughty woman who, under a name other than Mrs. Marly-Grant, spent her wealth like water in hopes of forgetting that she had once been the wife of the man who would have broken with the Brotherhood of the Beetle.

The end.

New Suit Offer!

Just send us your name and you will promptly receive the most astonishing—yes, Wonderful suit offer, together with Paragon Complete Outfit, packed with big assortment of Cloth Samples, Tape Measure, Fashion Figures, Order Blanks, etc.—all absolutely

FREE by Return Mail, Postpaid

This includes an offer on a fine suit for yourself so liberal it will startle You, and our Grand Offer to START YOU IN A BIG MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF. Our wide-open terms, conditions and privileges will astonish you. The low prices we will make you on men's high-quality clothing will amaze you. And

WE Pay All Express Charges

We go the limit in liberality. We want you for our agent on your town, so that we can Turn All Our Business Over to You. We will start you in a big, established, money-making business.

New Agents Make $40 a Week

Do you wonder that our agents make all kinds of money? We must have an agent on your town. Get our GRAND OFFER and the special PARAGON OUTFIT, which is already packed with big assortment of Cloth Samples and complete Outfit, ready to be sent you free charges paid by us. "First Come, First Served." Rush your answer to us quick if you want a suit for yourself, before someone else gets the prize. Address Dept. 0-34

PARAGON TAILORING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Order **FULTON** By Mail

Kentucky's Straight Whiskey

from Distiller to You

on trial

2 Gallons for $5.

3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn

Express Prepaid

Myers Patent Rest of Mont. Wyo. Colo. & N. Mex.

We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank guarantee your account. FREE—4 miniature bottles Selected Fulton with every 2 gallons, 6 with 3, etc. for cash with order. Money refunded if not satisfied.

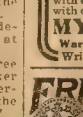
MYERS & COMPANY

Warehouse No. 172 Covington, Ky.

Write for Book, A Fair Customer, Sealed.

FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN

We positively give to BOYS and GIRLS a GENUINE Watch Ring—Made gents' size, stem-set watch, with handsomely designed case, proper size. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Also dainty ring, set with three sparkling stones, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry. When sold send $2 and we will send watch, ring and chain. We Guarantee Satisfaction. Dale Watch Co., Dept. 26 Chicago



Ladies, $500 Reward

Ergo Myrrh Compound Capsules

Best for monthly irregularities. Absolutely safe and reliable. Mailed in plain wrapper, $2. DR. TRUDEL, 165C Dearborn St., Chicago Ill.

BASEBALL CURVER Worn on the hand it aids in giving the ball a rapid whirling motion thus causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a curver today if you want to be a crack pitcher and fan out the batters. Price 50c with directions for throwing all curves. CURVER CO., Box 1174 Brady, Neb.

BE INDEPENDENT and start a paying business for yourself. Don't need great capital. We show you many ways. Particulars are free. Home Publishing Co., Dept. 5, Baltimore, Md.

FREE FOR THE ASKING

Tuberculosis book and how I cured myself of the disease. Send name and address to C. A. Yocock, 116 Temple Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially solicited. Give particulars. Dr. E. G. CONTRELL, Suite 530 No. 400 W. 23d St., New York

A Secret for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, J, 60 Wabash, Chicago

FUTURE—Past, Present revealed. Send you. MADAM IRENE, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 127So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

To Buy, Sell or Exchange any kind of Real Estate or Personal Property advertise in Boyce's Exchange. Costs $1.50 per line for insertion in both the Blade and Ledger. Adv. Dept., 500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago

OBESITY TREATMENT

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. INTERESTING BOOK and Proof Treatment mailed absolutely free to any overstout person. Quick, safe, reliable, lasting reduction, wonderful improvement in health and appearance. Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 E. 22nd St., 9 O. New York, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

THOUSANDS of Railway Mail Clerks, Clerk Carriers, and Rural Carriers needed. Write today for Free Trial Examination. Ozment, Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo

FARMS FOR SALE

MONEY-MAKING FARMS throughout 15 states; great variety, size and price. Stock and tools included with many to settle estates quickly. Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout, Station 8040, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

OLD COINS

$1.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a 1/4. Keep all money dated before 1890, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

The "Cub's" Choice;

Or, THE LADY OR THE SCOOP?

By George T. Hargreaves

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 28, July 15. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEAP.

HASTINGS alighted on hands and knees on the roof of the conservatory. In that critical moment when Banker Baker had voiced his intention of making him a prisoner within his own house, it came to Allen like a flash of lightning out of a storm-racked sky that his only way of escape led through the front window onto the roof of the one-storied flower-house of glass he had studied as he paced the walk before the banker's mansion earlier in the evening.

Dazed and bruised, the "cub" rose up and looked back. The window shade showed a flapping rent much like that made in a papered hoop by some daring acrobat of the circus.

Before he could move, a half dozen ex[illegible] figures showed at the window and in [illegible] rage rose the cry of Mr. Baker: [illegible] young daredevil; don't let him get away.

[illegible] incited Hastings to act in[illegible] Before the foremost of the group at the window could clamber out after him, he crossed the conservatory roof, crawled over the figured grill of iron that ornamented its outer edge, gripped a stout iron drain-pipe and shinned rapidly to the lawn.

As he shook himself and looked about, there came from the open upper window the [illegible]

"[illegible] Stop thief!"

"I'll be spotted sure," the reporter muttered, as he groped toward the high iron fence which surrounded the Baker home, "for they've got my hat back up there, and bareheaded, I'll be caught in a jiffy.

"But I'll give 'em a chase," he went on, determinedly. He drew himself up to the top of the fence, crawled over the spikes that surmounted it at the imminent peril of being spitted by one of them and slid down to the outer walk.

The conservatory roof was by this time alive with bankers, gesticulating wildly and crying frantically:

"Stop him! stop him! Thief! thief!"

Allen's first move when he struck the sidewalk was to look about for the taxicab in which he had left the helpless Terry. It was not at the corner where he had last seen it. Nor was it in sight up or down Fifth avenue. He scurried to the corner and looked east on Ninety-fifth street but it was not in sight there either.

"He's quit me again, the beggar," frowned the beset "cub." "Gone after some more liquor, I suppose."

Fortunately the late hour had thoroughly emptied the aristocratic thoroughfare. In the distance he saw the flickering headlight of an approaching automobile, but of pedestrians not a sign.

Yet the hue and cry from the Baker home was certain, he knew, to put a trail of pursuers in his wake. As he stood uncertain which way to run, he heard the great door of the banker's home open violently and then slammed shut. There followed the clatter of footsteps down the stone walk and three figures hurried toward him, each sounding a strident alarm.

Allen broke into a run. He dashed across Fifth avenue, climbed the fence and dropped over into the park.

His pursuers were almost up with him. They could have touched him by extending their arms between the pickets. But they were too old and stiff to mount its top.

He stepped long enough to laugh defiantly at them as they alternately cried out an alarm and panted heavily. Then he darted into the screening trees and shrubbery.

Crouched low, he sped southward, edging all the time deeper into the park. He did not pause until he had covered more than half a mile. Then he stretched himself prone on the soft grass to recover his breath. As he lay there, he heard the clatter of a mounted policeman's steed upon the asphalted avenue to the east of him. It warned him to be up and off again.

He ran in the shelter of the trees until he was able to skirt the southern end of the great reservoir and gain the western side of the park. Here, feeling safe for a time at least, he sat down upon a bench and proceeded to give himself up to a consideration of his dilemma.

A chuckle escaped him as he recalled the daring manoeuver by which he had been able to confirm the bank embezzlement rumor.

"How I did balk that bunch of bankers," he smiled to himself. "I guess Armstrong would forgive me for falling down on that Dawson story if he knew how I'd worked on this one. Guess he'd think I'd stepped over the bounds of a gentleman, too."

He began to marshal the facts he had discovered in order to report them in coherent style to the man in the Star office to whom he would give them over the telephone. He conjured up a picture of the Star as it would appear on the following morning with its first page flazoning forth under great black headlines his story—the story of the big bank embezzlement.

A glow of pride warmed his cheeks as he summoned up the scene in the office when that old bear Armstrong got the report that Hastings—that "cub"—simple and good-for-nothing, whom he had roasted to a frazzle only a few hours since, had landed the bank "scoop." He wished he might see the expression on the night city editor's face. It would aid in healing some of the wounds his scathing tongue had inflicted.

The man slid silently into the reservoir.

"Let's see: The headlines would begin something like this:

BIG BANK EMBEZZLEMENT.

Nineteenth National Robbed of Eighty-Three Thousand Dollars—Old and Trusted Teller, Philip Carrington ——

"Carrington?" Allen gasped. "My God, no! That's my Mabel's father. How can I bare his name to the world as a thief? How can I break that dear girl's heart? If it gets out, it will be through me alone. I'm the only person in the world that has the information outside of those close-mouthed bankers back there What shall I do? What shall I do?"

And the young reporter, in a maze of conflicting emotions, dropped his elbows to his knees and buried his strained face in his hands.

"It would sure break her heart," he went on to himself disconsolately. "And her life, too. It would follow her through life: The daughter of a bank thief. Of course I'd marry her. I'll marry her in spite of everything. But would she marry me if she knew I exposed her dad? I don't believe she would. And, by thunder, I couldn't blame her if she wouldn't," and he rose abruptly to his feet.

"But what'll I say to Armstrong when I call him on the 'phone to report? I can see him stamping around the office now, waiting in a fever for my story. Great scot, what'll I do?"

Before he could decide, a shadowy figure crept out from a clump of trees a dozen paces away. He watched it narrowly as it edged toward the reservoir. Something in the hesitant gait seemed oddly familiar to him.

The stranger could not have seen him for he kept on without looking to right or left. As Hastings glimpsed him as he wound in and out among the trees, the man seemed to press forward as in a dream.

At the foot of the reservoir embankment he paused, turned and looked back curiously and, seemingly assured that he was not followed, climbed laboriously to the top of the ridge that girdled the waters.

Hastings saw him remove his hat and place it carefully at his feet. As the stranger stood up, the rising moon, peeping above the horizon, threw a pale luster upon the lone figure on the parapet.

In a flash he recognized the man. It was Mabel Carrington's father—the bank embezzler.

Then, before he could either move or cry out a warning, the man on the embankment raised his hands above his head as if in supplication and slid silently over into the silvered reservoir waters.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "CUB'S" VALEDICTORY.

Allen dashed with all speed across the greensward and up the parapet to where he had seen the recreant bank official disappear. The moon had now glided every part of the waters of the reservoir lake, which lay as smooth as glass except at the bubbling spot where Carrington had vanished.

Hastings waited until he saw the gray-white head of the man reappear. Then, having stripped off his coat, he dropped easily into the water and with a half-dozen of his powerful strokes was alongside the bank teller.

With one arm he grabbed the sinking man about the shoulders. With the other he started out for the embankment.

But the bank teller was unwilling to

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those

times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl." —Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase:

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 132 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 467, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if cure have to-fail, send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and I warrant my remedy to cure. Immediate and astonishing relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. H. PEARL, M.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING DEVICE

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

5 Fine Postcards FREE

Send only 2-cent stamp and receive five very finest Gold Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce postcard offer.

Capital Card Co., Dept. 62, Topeka, Kan.

MONEY

Made quickly by smart man. T. Artof Co., 150 Nassau St., N.Y.

he rescued. He tried to wrench himself from the "cub's" grip.

"Let me go, let me go!" he wailed breathlessly. "I want to die! Let me go!"

Allen did not answer the suicidal plea. He needed all his breath to combat the peril of his position. He thought quickly, too.

If he cried out for help, he would run the risk of capture by the police and might even land the father of his sweetheart in jail. He realized that he must fight out this life-saving battle alone.

Carrington in his effort to break loose began to thrash about with his arms. Once he loosened Allen's grip and sank his head beneath the surface before the reporter could regain his hold and drag the struggling man's face above water.

But the bank teller, maniacal in his desire to die, fought savagely. His gyrations not only prevented Hastings from making any headway to safety but each moment served to exhaust him.

"I hate to do it," he muttered, "but I must!" Whereupon he brought his fist into the face of Carrington with sufficient force to daze the man.

Slowly dragging him to the embankment was easy then. But he had another task in clibing up its steep side and drawing the helpless teller after him. He lugged Carrington to a secluded park bench, sat him upright upon it and then went back to the parapet for the old man's hat and his own coat.

Carrington was blinking weakly when the reporter returned to his side. He did not recognize his rescuer until Allen, peering into his face, whispered:

"Don't you know me, Mr. Carrington?"

The question brought the teller to an attitude of surprise and alarm.

"Allen," he muttered, "how ever did you happen along at this time?"

"Oh, I just happened," smiled the "cub" assuringly.

"But why, oh why, didn't you let me sink? I—I want to die."

"Nonsense," ejaculated Allen, "nobody wants to do that."

"Ah, you don't know, my boy. Sit down here." And when Hastings had dropped to the bench beside the teller, the latter leaned over and cried, "My boy, I've done something very wrong. My poor, poor girl, what will become of her?"

"Mr. Carrington, I can take care of your daughter," said Allen promptly. "But what about yourself? Maybe I can help you too."

"No, no, you can't; I'm beyond helping," wailed the man.

"No one ever gets there," insisted Allen.

The teller, shivering in his wet attire and with his face as drawn and white as a ghost's, looked despondently into the young man's face.

"Allen," he leaned over till his mouth was close to the "cub's" ear, "I have robbed the bank."

"I heard that an hour ago," said Hastings quietly.

"Where?" inquired the embezzler in alarm.

Whereupon Hastings told briefly of his night's discovery.

"I don't care for myself. I'm willing to go to jail," whimpered the old man. "But poor Mabel. The disgrace and trouble it will bring on her."

"Yes, that's what they all say after they've got into trouble,' answered Allen brusquely. "It's a pity you fellows wouldn't think of your families before."

"I—I thought I could make enough money out of my speculation to take care of me for the rest of my days," went on Carrington querulously.

"And how did you think you were going to help things by dropping off into the reservoir here?"

The dripping, shivering figure looked up plaintively.

"I really don't know what I've been doing since I left home night before last," the bank teller groaned. "I've been wandering around in the park here, fearing every moment that a policeman would step up and arrest me. I wanted to go home and see my daughter but I didn't dare for fear there might be a man at the door to arrest me. Oh, it's been horrible."

Carrington shook with dry sobs. Hastings watched him in embarrassment.

"I've read every newspaper I could lay hands on looking in terror for an account of my—my wrong, but they haven't found it out yet. Oh, I hope they won't."

Then the man flashed a look of fright at Allen.

"But you—you're a reporter!" he exclaimed. "I'd forgot. And you know all about it. My God, boy, what are you going to do with me—and her?"

Hastings' face went strained as he confronted the climax of his dilemma.

Whom must he sacrifice? The Star or the bank teller? If he failed the Star, it meant his job and the sacrifice of the career he had hoped to begin in the metropolis. If he served the Star, he would be assured of a permanent position.

But if he served the Star, he would consign this wretched old man to prison. Yet looming above that result and blotting out every other consideration rose the fateful alternative: To serve the Star was to break the heart of the girl he loved.

Which should it be? he pondered. The lady or the "scoop?"

His face was quite gray and his voice hard as he bent over Carrington.

"You won't have to go to jail, Mr. Carrington," he said. "The bankers don't want the publicity, and there won't be any. All you've got to do is to drop out of sight completely."

"But I have no money," the embezzler groaned. "I can't get anywhere without that."

Hastings thrust his hand deep into his trousers pocket and drew forth a slender roll of soaked bills. He counted them over. There were four, two fives and two ones; twelve dollars in all. It was every cent he had in the world except a few small pieces of silver he had left behind the bills.

"Here, take this," he sighed, thrusting the roll into Carrington's hand. "Sneak off into Jersey while it's still dark and tomorrow find some new town in the interior, take a new name and—do—what's right!"

But my daughter? What's to become of her?" pleaded the old man.

"Leave that to me," said Allen with a flush; "I will take care of her."

"You'll be good to her, I know," the father sighed; "but won't I ever be able to see her again?"

"Let us know where you are after a while and maybe we can arrange it," answered the reporter. "Now, I'd advise you to vamoose."

Carrington wrung the young man's hand. He could not command his voice to speak. Then he edged away in the shadow.

Hastings watched him until he was well out of sight. He shook himself savagely.

"This won't do for me," he muttered. "I've still got a busy night ahead of me."

Slipping into his dry coat, he emerged from the park and wormed his way into a telephone booth in a Broadway drug store.

After much effort he got Banker Baker on the wire.

"You needn't worry about that Star story, Mr. Baker," he began.

"Who's this?"

"Hastings, your recent caller."

"Ah, you young housebreaker!" Allen thought he detected a note of relief in the banker's voice—"I thought you'd think better of it. That money will be ready whenever you want it to call for it."

"Confound your money," snapped the reporter. "It isn't for money I'm bottling this story up, I can tell you that. It's for a——"

It was almost on his tongue-tip to say "girl." Instead he jammed the receiver into its hook.

Next he called up the Star office. Armstrong was brought to the 'phone.

"Mr. Armstrong, this is Hastings," he began.

"Well, well," blustered the night city editor impatiently, "I thought you fellows were dead. What about the bank story?"

"Mr. Hastings, believe me, there won't be any bank story," said the "cub" slowly and emphatically. "I've resigned."

As he hung up the receiver he imagined he could hear Armstrong fuming in rage over his answer.

Then, with thirty cents jingling in his pocket, and with Carrington's secret tucked deep in his breast, he set out for West End avenue to console the girl of his heart and to ask her to become his wife.

The end.

Cholly—You say your sister, isn't in? Are those her exact words?

Johnny—No; ter be exact, she said "Tell der lobster I ain't in."

Britons Originators.

The British have always been a good all round people—turning their hand to anything and everything, and yet rarely succeeding in lines which they have not originated themselves. On the other hand, says the Strand, the Germans and the Japanese are great copyists and exploiters of British ideas. Once John Bull has taken up anything with his whole heart—like bible, or cricket, or beer—he is very thorough, and his thoroughness insures his supremacy for a long time. He was great at athletic sports, and so long as he gave his whole mind to games, he was unrivaled. He was the best walker, runner, jumper, cricketer, oarsman, footballer, golfer, horse rider, billiard player, pugilist and wrestler in the world; and although the blue ribbon has been wrested from him in many of these things, the success of his rivals has been chiefly individual and the vast aim of national excellence has probably not been impaired.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
ONE POLICY ONE SYSTEM UNIVERSAL SERVICE
THE LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

The Good Road For Universal Service!

Every man's home faces on a road which connects with every other road and leads to every other home throughout the whole land.

Main highways connect with cross-roads so that a man can go where he chooses easily and comfortably if conditions are favorable. But the going is not always the same; some roads are good—some are bad.

The experts in the South illustrate the difference by showing four mules drawing two bales of cotton slowly over a poor, muddy cross-road, and two mules drawing eight bales of cotton rapidly over a first-class macadam highway.

The Bell Telephone lines are the roads over which the speech of the nation passes.

The highways and by-ways of personal communication are the 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on these highways. Steadily the lines are being extended to every man's home.

The public demands that all the roads of talk shall be good roads. It is not enough to have a system that is universal; there must be macadamized highways for talk all the way to every man's home. A single section of bad telephone line is enough to block communication or confine it to the immediate locality.

Good going on the telephone lines is only possible with one policy and one system. Good going everywhere, at all times, is the aim of the Bell system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

A Guaranteed Self-Filling Fountain Pen FREE!

THE GREATEST OFFER BY THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER

You should not be without it. Strong, durable, and will last a lifetime. Can fill with ordinary ink, no need to have a special kind of fountain pen ink or a filler (which you will probably break or lose) and no more inky fingers. All you have to do to fill the pen is to dip the pen point in the ink and turn the scored ring on the end to the right until it stops. When it stops the pen is filled. All very simple, at the same time it works perfectly. Full directions with each pen. Made of best hard, black rubber with a high-grade pen point, made by one of the best fountain pen factories of Germany. They are guaranteed to write perfectly.

Fill out the Coupon below, enclose it with $1.00 and send it to us at once.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any of these fountain pens are defective in make, or will not write through fault of manufacturers, they can be returned and we will replace it by another.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
Chicago.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. This Coupon entitles me to the self-filling pen advertised above.

FREE COUPON:

NAME .....

Street or R.F.D. .....

Box No. ..... Town .....

State ..... Get a Guaranteed Fountain Pen Free.

This is a ..... subscription.
New or Renewal

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 PER YEAR.

How to get this Pen Free

These self-filling fountain pens will make friends for us and we want every reader of The Chicago Ledger to have one free. To every one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger, we will send one of these splendid self-filling fountain pens absolutely free, all charges prepaid.

We will treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are now a subscriber and wish this pen fill out the coupon, state on bottom that this is a renewal subscription, enclose $1.00 with the coupon and send it to us and we will send you the pen absolutely free and extend your subscription one year from the time it is now paid up to.

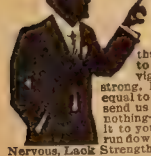
$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $10.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.



DON'T WAIT

Send your name today, and we will mail you a full $1 box of **Biel's Nerve Tablets** on trial. If they prove that they will restore you to health, give back your vigor, and make you feel strong, healthy and vigorous, equal to the pleasures of life, send us $1, otherwise we ask nothing—not a penny, we leave it to you to judge. If you are run down, have dizzy spells, are Nervous, Lack Strength, Vim, Vigor, Vitality, poor Memory, Appetite, a rheum, pain over heart side or shoulder, send your name and address at once for a box on trial. When sure that they are what we claim for them by actual trial, then you pay us $1, but if uncertain, you pay nothing. Let us prove it to you. Write today.

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 720. Denver, Colo.

BLOOD POISON

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

Free Trial Treatment

Symptoms leave quick. Cure yourself at home now. Send for free treatment and remarkable book on Cures of Blood Poison.

THE OBBAC CO., 1877 Obbac Bdg. Chicago

FREE $1 BOX ON TRIAL THE WEAK MADE STRONG

BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs. Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Natural VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you suffer with Lost Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, Lack Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in Heart, side or shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Dizzy Spells, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys or Liver, are Thin, Weak, Run Down; try **BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS.** Let us send you a full month's treatment on trial. When you are satisfied that they put back health and make life worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and address and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE.

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 720 DENVER, COLO.

This FREE Recipe Cures Weak Men

If you are suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory, or lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, and you have become discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures, and want to be restored to health, strength, and vigor, write me today and I will send you a splendid Prescription in a plain sealed envelope (which no one but you will know contains anything) entirely free of charge. I have used this prescription in my practice for many years, and have found that it quickly and surely restores lost manhood with full vigor. Don't delay, but write me today. Address

DR. FRANKLIN ROBERTS, No. 725 Reiter Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres

SOLDIERS' before June 22, 1874, are entitled to additional rights

HOMESTEADS even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.

Address (Comrade) **W. E. MOSES,**
636 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog Free. B. L. SMYKE CO., Newark, Mo.

GAMBLING GAMES Exposed. Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog free. M. Hill Swanton, Ohio.

PHOTOS showing Rare Beauties of Nature & Art; 20 no two alike, 15c. Pacific Sales Co., B, Glendora, Calif.

THE BOY PAGE;

Or, IN SERVICE TO QUEEN BESS

By LIEUTENANT JACK JUDSON

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 26, July 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

NELL ARCHER'S GAME.

THE boys could have wounded half a dozen people had they wished to do so, since the mob did not resist, but scattered like sheep, they used only the flat of their blades.

The old lady had swooned from fright. In a short time Percy and Roland found themselves the only guards she had.

"We must wait for the night-watch," Percy said. "It will never do to leave the Mad Duchess alone here."

Just then the door of the nearest house swung open and three men with the dress and faces of ruffians darted into the street.

They were ten times as dangerous as the crowd which the boys had driven from their prey.

Sword in hand he waited the leap of Mogul.

"Back!" cried Percy, planting himself firmly beside the chair. "You shall not plunder her ladyship."

"Ho, her ladyship!" answered the leader in derision. "Stand aside, young caitiffs, and let us take what the crowd has left."

"Never!" Percy and Roland answered in the same breath. "You're common robbers—"

"We are the people of London."

A smile appeared on the faces of the boys.

"Don't hurt the young rascals!" suddenly sang out a voice from the pave, "I want them myself."

"It is our old enemy, Jarvis Tetton," whispered Percy.

It was indeed the spy whom Percy had wounded in the coffee house, and they were not surprised to see him in collusion with the worst gang of ruffians in London.

"Take them, my good fellows. A guinea to the man who touches them first."

There was a movement on the part of the trio, but the menacing blades held them back.

"What! Cowards all?" roared Jarvis Tetton. "I'll have at them myself."

The fellows fell back and he came forward with his sword drawn. The boys drew closer together and presented a formidable front to their foe.

Fortunately for some one at that juncture, Jarvis' foot struck a loose cobblestone and he was thrown off his feet.

The next instant the clattering of hoofs were heard.

"The mounted night-watch!" cried Percy.

On came several horsemen and Jarvis, knowing who was riding forward, scrambled to his feet only to find the point of Percy's sword at his throat.

"Surrender, Master Tetton! The Queen wants such as you."

The fellow attempted to use his blade, but Percy with an agile movement disarmed him and forced him to his knees. His companions, the ruffianly three, had already vanished.

The horsemen came up with a rattling of weapons and a mass of queries.

"This is Master Tetton, wanted by Queen Bess at the Tower!" Percy explained.

"It is false. I am not Master Tetton, but an honest citizen."

The leader of the mounted guard cast a look at the slender figure of the boy.

"And who are you, lad?"

"I am Master Sydney, Queen Bess's page."

"Ho! Verily I believe the boy speaks with authority."

"I do. I command you to escort you rascal to the Tower."

Jarvis, despite his denials, was jerked to his feet and placed in the midst of the horsemen.

"Come, Roland," said Percy. "We've served Queen Bess right well tonight. We've captured one of the conspirators," and they fell in beside the royal horsemen.

The unexpected capture of Jarvis Tetton elated Percy and Roland not a little. They expected that he would betray the whole Spanish plot against Queen Bess, but they were reckoning without their host, for when the man found himself behind the iron gates of the Tower he closed his mouth and refused to reveal a single thing.

Meantime Sir Rothby Graeme and his companions enraged by the escape of the two boys from the house where the meeting of the plotters had been held, were determined to get the better of them. One of the men sworded in the fight at the foot of the staircase was enabled to describe the boys and this fixed their identity.

After conducting Jarvis Tetton into the toils from which he was never to emerge a free man, Percy and Roland once more left the Tower.

There was work for them outside.

So cunning were Sir Rothby and his agents that they soon discovered that Roland was Percy's constant companion and that the boy page frequently visited him.

Jot was still at large and all London was looking for him.

In a small room far from the scene of Percy's adventures whilst in the dwarf's power sat that worthy himself.

Evidently he feared no spies just at the time, for he was making merry over an excellent feast which he had obtained by secret means and without disclosing his hiding-place.

He was not alone for Nell Archer sat at the other side of the table and was watching him while he ate.

"So the great fleet is near at hand?" cried Jot, looking into the girl's face. "We shall be grand people when King Philip has humbled Queen Bess. I shall doubtless be duke of something and you shall wear velvet."

Nell's eyes sparkled and she showed her white teeth in a smile of pleasure.

"It will be a great day for us Nell," continued Jot. "Just think of it. High-born folk will curtsy to you and I shall have a guard and a royal horse to ride."

"It will indeed be a happy day," the girl answered. "I've longed to wear silks and dance at some of the grand balls."

Jot pushed the last empty dish aside and wiped his lips.

"What's that?" he suddenly cried, turning pale and reaching for a pistol that lay on the table.

"It's the signal," said Nell, rising.

The girl crossed the room and slowly opened the door.

When she came back she had Sir Rothby Graeme at her heels.

"Welcome!" cried Jot, his hideous face a-grin. "I have just had a good meal and feel like taking an airing on the Strand."

The nobleman frowned.

"I wouldn't advise such exercise just yet," he said. "We're in a new pickle just now."

"How so?" cried Jot with a stare.

"Nell here has been telling me that everything is going well."

"We want to get that plague of a boy into our hands. He seems to have escaped you, Master Jot."

"But it was not my fault," Jot hastened to say.

"I'll agree with you. He is playing spy with a vengeance and his young friend is helping him."

"Well," grinned Jot, "if you want any traps laid trust Nell and I."

"I'll do my best," Nell put in.

"What do you propose?" Jot inquired.

"If we could get his young girl friend into our hands his capture would not be difficult."

Nell pursed her lips and smiled.

"I don't count that a great undertaking," she said. "I know where Janet lives. She is a cousin to Master Sydney's friend."

"You are right."

"If you will but leave the trapping of the girl to me, I'll promise you to succeed."

"The task is yours," Sir Rothby said with a wave of his hand.

"Now be careful, Nell," Jot said. "Remember you were followed once before and betrayed my hiding place and the young page's prison to Master Neville."

"I will be careful," Nell answered. "Shall I set off at once, Sir Rothby?"

"The sooner the better. Matters are coming to a focus in London. We are gaining ground in one way and losing it in another. The two boys slipped through our hands at Lord Ruthledge's house and they left a trail of blood behind."

"How blood?" exclaimed the dwarf.

"They fought two men-at-arms on the staircase and came off first best. I am confident that Lady Jane gave them assistance, but her father is loth to believe it."

"I care not so much for the lad called Roland," Jot remarked, "I want the Queen's page. The next time I get him into my hands I'll show my teeth so quickly that rescue will be out of the question. Now, Nell, since you are to trap Janet as a bait to draw these boys into our clutches you must not fail."

"Whenever did I fail?" cried the girl with resentment.

Jot did not reply for Sir Rothby had drawn his purse and was placing some sovereigns on the table.

"If we fail now," said he, "we will answer for it at the block. The Queen will show no mercy."

"Hang Queen Bess!" shouted Jot. "The knife could rid England of her."

"And the knife is ready if the Armada fails," was the reply. "I have the chart of the White Tower, thanks to an en-

thusiastic friend of mine at court."

"Good!" cried Jot, striking the table with his fist. "I'll warrant Catesby—"

"Hush," broke in Sir Rothby. "Don't breathe the name aloud. Walls may have ears."

"And the dumb can write, eh?"

There was no further reply from the nobleman, and he soon went away, leaving Jot and Nell alone.

"We're on the highway to wealth and happiness!" cried the dwarf, running his hand through the little heap of gold. "You've got a new task girl. All you have to do is to trap Janet, Roland's pretty cousin. Then, when you have played that trick you can have Percy, the page, come to her, for I've no doubt that her bright eyes have smitten him. He will go anywhere to see the girl."

Nell nodded and put several of the sovereigns into her pocket.

"Where shall the trap be?" she asked.

"Right here," cried Jot. "This is a respectable house. It belongs to my good friend, Princess Dawn, though few know it. Now set your wits to work for Sir Rothby wants no failure."

Nell Archer promised to carry out her part of the plot and soon took her departure.

Returning to her own home, she put on a disguise and left the house.

There was no quicker-witted person in London than Nell Archer.

She hoped to find Janet alone and when she knocked at her door and looked into her face she saw at once that her hopes had been rewarded.

Roland's cousin invited Nell into the house and began to inspect the common laces and ribbons which she had in her basket.

Nell watched Janet like a hawk.

"You have pretty ribbons," Janet said, looking up and catching Nell's eye. "I believe I shall take a bit of this and this," she laid the spools of ribbon aside. "I cannot buy much, you know, for I am but a humble person."

"You are quite alone?" asked Nell.

"Alone."

The ribbon seller heaved a deep sigh and began to cry.

Janet's sympathies were at once aroused.

"I am compelled to sell ribbons," Nell said in low tones. "My sister is dying even now and I must get money to get the apothecary. Oh, miss, if you could but see my sister you would certainly buy to help her."

"Where is your home?" asked Janet.

Nell named the new house of the trap.

"Meseems you live in a fair part of the city," exclaimed Janet.

"We live there by charity," unblushingly answered Nell. "Fidine, my sister, said when I left her to bring some one home with me so that she could look once more into a fair face."

It was more than Janet's sympathetic heart could stand.

"I'll go home with you," she exclaimed.

"But I could not ask that of you."

"You need not," Janet replied. "I will be ready in a few moments."

"Leaving Nell in high hopes, Janet left the room to dress for the street without a dream of suspicion.

All at once, however, in her sleeping chamber she thought of how Roland had been sent to Hampstead on a bootless mission by a young girl. She remembered how a girl had decoyed Percy into Jot's power and instantly her feelings were aroused.

Could the fair ribbon seller be this same creature?

Janet opened the door and stood before Nell.

"I believe I will not go," she said. "I will give you the contents of my purse for your sister."

Nell's countenance dropped to the freezing point.

Was she to lose her game?

"Fidine would like to see you. A sight of your face would do her much good."

"I cannot go with you."

Sparks of fire seemed to leap up in Nell's eyes. She was fast losing her temper, the very thing Jot had cautioned her against.

"You don't think I am deceiving you, I hope?" she managed to say.

"Why should you deceive me?" Janet answered.

Nell felt that she was losing her prey.

As she rose from her chair the gold sovereigns which she had taken from Jot's table rolled out upon the floor. She stared at them with a blanched face.

"It seems to me that one who has money like that would not have to sell ribbons," Janet suddenly cried.

Nell said nothing.

She merely recovered the coins and restored them to her pocket, at the same time berating inwardly her ill luck.

"Look here," continued Janet, approaching. "You have not told me your name. Are you not Mistress Nell Archer?"

Janet's look seemed to burn its way into Nell's brain.

"I believe it!" Roland's cousin went on. "What is the game now, Mistress Nell? You sent Roland to Hampstead, you tolled Percy into Jot's trap and now you would cage me for some wicked purpose."

The game was up. On the very threshold of success Nell had seen victory wrenched from her grasp. Rage flashed up in her eyes.

"Don't go," cried Janet. "Percy and Roland will be here ere long."

Nell Archer dashed aside the hand that sought to detain her, then she delivered a blow across Janet's face, threw wide the door and vanished discomfited.

CHAPTER XIV.
UNMASKING A TRAITOR.

Baffled and chagrined, Nell had hardly quitted Janet's home when Percy and Roland made their appearance.

"I see the hands of Sir Rothby Graeme and his fellow traitors in this!" exclaimed the boy page. "The Queen cannot trust Leicester. He is half traitor and some day his head will pay for it."

"If we could but follow the girl—"

"You are right, Roland. It may not be too late yet."

The boys darted away, leaving Janet alone.

Everywhere they found groups of men talking excitedly and drawing near one of these they learned that news had just arrived that the terrible Spanish fleet had been sighted off the coast.

"Where are Admiral Howard and Sir Francis?" cried the people. "Are they going to play coward and turn us over to the mercies of Philip? It is said that the Queen trembles in the Tower—"

"It is false!" interrupted Percy, as the mere insinuation of Queen Bess's cowardice tinged his cheeks. "Queen Elizabeth never trembles. She intends to command the army herself and her sword is already drawn. Sir Francis Drake is about to put to sea to meet the Spaniards and Admiral Howard has double-shotted his guns."

"Ho! who are you to talk thus bold?" queried one of the men. "Methinks I recognize your livery."

"I am Percy Sydney of the Queen's court," answered our hero proudly, as he threw back his velvet cloak and displayed England's insignia on his breast. "The Queen already knows, no doubt, of the appearance of the Spanish fleet. But answer me a question, you men of London. Have you seen a young girl with a basket on her arm lately pass this way?"

"I have," cried a stripling of a youth. "She was listening to us but a moment since and methinks she turned yon corner when she heard that the fleet had been seen."

"Come, then, Roland!" cried Percy.

But Nell had gotten such a good start of the boys that she was not likely to be overtaken. She ran in and out of the rambling streets and at last burst into Jot's presence. The dwarf read failure in her eyes.

"The girl was too shrewd for you, lass?" he cried.

"She saw through my disguise at the last moment," confessed Nell with downcast glance.

"You played a poor game," accused Jot. "You will betray us all next."

"It is false," answered the girl, but the imp would not believe.

He darted at her more like a wild beast than a man and Nell, to escape his wrath, backed against the nearest wall. As she did so she caught up a knife which lay on the table and struck a defensive attitude.

"What, would you prick me with that steel?" demanded Jot, as he halted temporarily.

"You have but to try me, sir," was the reply. "You made me what I am, the servant of traitors and now you accuse me of betraying you."

Jot, seeing the light in Nell's eyes, did not push forward, but drew back growling.

"The fleet is in sight," said the girl.

"The Armada?"

"Yes."

"Who told you?"

"All London. It is the talk of the street. The Queen is going to take command of the land forces and Howard and Drake are getting the warships ready."

"Then I must go to the Spanish fleet," Jot returned.

"But how?" asked Nell.

"Oh, that is our own secret," said the dwarf. "The Queen has caught none of us yet. My lords Ruthledge and Graeme are too sharp for Queen Bess."

"Then you must go quickly, for all London is looking for you."

"We shall get ready forthwith, but I shall see that you do not give us away."

He picked up a pistol and leveled it at Nell's head.

"Throw down your knife and take that chair," he commanded.

Nell could do nothing but obey. She was secured to the chair in a trice and Jot stepped back and surveyed his work.

"I guess you're fixed now, he grinned. "You won't betray us till it is too late. We're done with you, girl."

"You are cowards, all of you!" flashed Nell Archer. "I hope some day to see you swing on Tower Hill!"

Jot burst into a fiendish laugh and began to pack up his few belongings.

He looked into the room frequently to see that Nell was still the prisoner of the chair and each time withdrew with one of his impish laughs.

"You're safe, my lady," he would say. "Good luck to you and may you marry a duke one of these fine days."

When the shades of night again descended upon the excited city Percy and Roland crossed the moat from the Tower and disappeared amid the tangle of dimly lighted streets.

"What if the traitors should attempt to reach the Spanish fleet?" Roland asked.

"That is just what I have been asking myself," answered the boy page. "The Queen, you know, suspects as much. She has little faith in Leicester. He will let the rascals go and then tell Queen Bess that he did his duty. I would like to unmask this favorite."

"Aye, if we only could, Percy."

"He frequents the Sword and Gown, does he not?"

"I have heard as much, and once passing that famous place I saw the earl coming out."

"We'll visit it and see for ourselves."

Ten minutes later the two boys found themselves in front of the celebrated coffee house which was frequented by the great nobles of London.

Several rich equipages stood in front of it and all at once Percy pointed out the Earl of Leicester's black horse which was in charge of a servant.

"We shall find his Grace here," continued the young page. "Do not let him suspect our mission."

The boys entered quietly and moved to a secluded corner where they were not likely to be observed. The brilliant dress of the nobles in the large chamber attracted them and they singled out a number of whom they knew by sight.

"As I live," suddenly exclaimed the boy page, "yonder is Sir Rothby in disguise."

"And he is talking with Leicester who has been commissioned to arrest him on sight!"

"This brands Leicester a traitor to his Queen," said Percy through clenched teeth.

All at once a tumult arose in another part of the place and Leicester turned his head to look.

Relief From
Hay-Fever
AND ALL ITS TORTURES

NO NEED OF PASSING THE SUMMER IN MISERY. The Hayes Method is wonderful in its results, not only enabling you to stay at home in comfort and keep at work, but building up your health and curing to stay. Write NOW for free examination blank and Bulletin U-112. P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

95 cents
Post Paid
or money refunded. Send 95c today as this advertisement may not appear again.

Guaranteed 5 Years
To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Eight Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post paid for ONLY 95 CENTS. Regular gentleman's size, open face, full nickel silver plated plain polished case, durable dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. In addition to the watch, and without any extra charge whatever we send free Mdm. Gentil's entire work one dollar each when used as part purchase from our catalogue. Send this advertisement to us with your name & address and 95c, and watch & certificate will be sent by return mail prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL
(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)
ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.
Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 64 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.
Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. | Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

EMBROIDERY OUTFIT FREE
With Beautiful New Designs.

The outfit contains a cake of special stamping preparation, a distributing pad and full set of directions, so that any one can do it, and a large assortment of full-size perforated designs. The illustration shows some of them.

CONTENTS OF OUTFIT:
1 Baby's Bib.
1 Baby's Bootees.
1 Baby's Script word "Baby."
1 Baby's Script Alphabet, 1½ in. letters.
1 Shirt Waist Set.
1 Corset Cover.
1 Tie End.
1 Towel Border.
1 Dutch Collar.
1 Sleeve Ornament (Star and Bars).
1 12-in. Centerpiece.
2 Scallop Borders.
1 Butterfly.
1 Neckbow.
1 Jabot.
1 Pin Cushion.
1 Bow Knot.
1 Spray Pansy.
3 Sprays Carnations.
1 Spray Wheat.
1 Spray Poppies.
1 Sprays Violets.
3 Sprays Holly.
3 Sprays Maidenhair Ferns.
1 Spray Wild Rose.
1 Spray Double Rose
2 Sprays Lily of the Valley.
3 Sprays Forget-Me-Nots.
2 Sprays Daisies.
Total 42.

For variety and beauty of design this outfit cannot be duplicated. They are all perforated on good quality of paper, so that they will last a lifetime.

This is a beautiful outfit that we have gotten together and we intend to give it free to any one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. You know what good value The Chicago Ledger is, and with the offer of the free Embroidery Outfit, thousands of orders will pour into our office. This outfit will not be sold. To get it you must subscribe for the paper. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar any way, and we will extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

☞ Fill out the blank below and enclose it to us with one dollar.

FREE COUPON

W. D. Boyce Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.
This coupon entitles me to one Embroidery Outfit free, with all charges prepaid.

NAME .....
Street No. or Rural Route No. .....
Town ..... State .....
This is a ..... Subscription
New or Renewal

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

This enabled the boys to steal closer to him and, partly screened by some benches, they listened to him and Sir Rothby.

"I wish you a fair voyage," the earl said. "Bless you, Sir Rothby, I wouldn't harm a hair of your head."

"But you will have to report to the Queen."

"Trust me for that," laughed the earl. "I'm an old hand at duplicity."

The boys were astounded.

"Give my regards but secretly to my old friend the Count of Medina-Sidonia," continued Leicester. "The Armada is safe where he fights. I wish you well, Sir Rothby."

The traitor lord turned away, leaving Leicester alone.

Percy and Roland would have followed him, but the next moment the earl set his roving eyes upon them.

In another instant he was stamping forward, for he had seen that his conversation with Sir Rothby had been witnessed.

He of course knew Percy by his royal livery.

"How now?" he exclaimed, halting before the boys and fixing his gaze upon Percy. "Who has set you upon my heels?"

"No one, your Grace," answered Percy coolly. "Roland and I for want of something better to do strolled in here a moment ago."

"Have a care!" I will have no young bloodhounds at my heels!"

Percy's blood was up. He knew he was too deep in the Queen's regard to be cast aside at the will of Leicester, and above all things he hated a traitor.

Leicester said no more, but with a haughty glance around the place walked to the door.

"He plays his cards coolly," remarked Percy as his eyes followed the handsome figure of the great earl. "I wonder which way he rides tonight?"

The boys waited for a moment and, thinking that Leicester had made off, moved toward the entrance.

They reached it in time to perceive Leicester's horse galloping away.

"We can't overtake him," Percy said. "But I fancy we haven't seen the last of Leicester."

They now moved down the street, debating whether it would not be a good idea to watch the house of Lord Rutnledge, Lady Jane's father.

They had reached the mouth of an alley as dark as a wolf's mouth when they heard a stern command and stopped the instant it was spoken.

The Earl of Leicester stood before them!

"Just as I thought!" he cried. "You are after lordly game tonight."

The earl had drawn his sword and its point was very close to Percy's breast as he spoke.

"We are on the hunt of traitors," answered the boy page despite the menace of the steel. "If my Lord Leicester counts himself such then we have run one down."

A shrill cry leapt from Leicester's throat.

Half a dozen men wearing his red livery bounded from the darkness of the alley and looked at him for further commands.

Both Percy and Roland drew their swords and recoiled.

"I am in the Queen's service," the young page cried, looking into the stern face of Leicester. "You touch me if you dare."

The henchmen grinned and waited.

The attitude of the boys was enough to make the boldest hesitate.

Leicester stamped on the ground in his rage and glared at his young foes.

"You had the great traitor in your hands but a moment ago," continued Percy accusingly.

"It is false!"

"You have been commissioned by the Queen to arrest Sir Rothby on sight, yet you talked to him in the Sword and Gown and bade him Godspeed!"

"I say 't's false!" roared the earl. "Seize the young caitiffs, my good fellows!"

The men advanced, but Percy and Roland, planting themselves more firmly on the cobblestones, defied them with ready steel and the bravest hesitated. At that moment a motley, shouting crowd turned the nearest corner, and filling the street as it came forward, nearly ran over those in the alley.

In the flash of an eye Leicester disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

JOT AND THE TIGERS.

It was perhaps fortunate for our young friends that the mob came down upon them when it did. The odds were against them and Leicester's men stood ready to do his bidding no matter what it might be.

Percy and Roland were carried some distance in the wild rush of the crowd, and when they were released they found themselves far from the spot.

They had lost Nell since her visit to Janet, but had they known where she was, fastened in the chair by Jot's hands, they would have gone to her rescue.

Jot was an important person to be captured, for Queen Bess who believed that he was deep in the plot against her was anxious to secure him and had given Percy orders to exhaust every means for his capture.

The near approach of the Spanish fleet excited all London. The Queen was yet to discover that Leicester was playing a double game and it was in the end to cost him his station.

Meantime the cunning Jot was preparing to get away.

He cared not if Nell died in the chair; his whole tnought was for his safety. He knew that both Percy and Roland were looking for him, and he resolved to baffle the two boys.

He was eager to strike a bold blow against them, and even when he saw his life hanging in the balance he plotted against them.

He disguised himself as best he could, hiding his deformity and painting his face.

Nearly all persons in London at the time were privileged to carry swords and therefore the imp was not without one.

When he crept from his last abode he looked cautiously around and, seeing no one, glided away.

There was yet one man in London whom he could trust. This was a keeper of wild beasts for the shows. Master Jot made his way to his house and was admitted by a servant.

He was told that Master Zoni was not in at the time, but was invited into the reception room where he could wait for the animal king.

He deposited himself on a settee and waited.

Every now and then the roar of lions came to his ears and he also heard the growls of the tigers.

An hour passed and Master Zoni did not come.

Jot at last rose to his feet and opened a door which led to the menagerie. He had seen the beasts before, when his friend was with him, and some of the animals had played tricks under the keeper's eye.

Jot let himself out into a narrow hall which was separated from the cages by iron bars.

A great tiger was walking the floor of his cage, but upon seeing Jot he turned upon him and showed his teeth. The dwarf shrank back and laid his hand on his sword.

Then one of the lions spied him and, probably not liking his looks, sprang forward, but fell back from the heavy bars. Jot showed his teeth at this and laughed.

All at once the tiger made a vicious lunge forward and to the imp's horror the bars snapped.

Jot, uttered a cry of terror and fled back to the room, the door of which he bolted almost out of breath.

It was a strong door, but even then he feared that the wild animals might break it in.

Why Master Zoni did not come he could not tell.

Presently he heard a heavy growl beyond the door.

Jot retreated to the farthest side of the room and waited. The tiger was in the corridor.

The mad beast had sniffed a stranger and all the fury of his jungle passions was aroused.

Poor Jot!

He ran around the room like a frightened hare brought to bay. His face was white. He tried the door by which he had entered the chamber, but it would not yield.

The servant had locked him in when he departed and nothing but a few planks kept him from the tiger.

Half dead at last, he fell back upon the settee and gasped. His sword scarcely remained in his hand. He would have given the world to have been on London Bridge or at the opposite side of the earth.

At once the mingled cries of many wild beasts fell upon his ears.

It seemed as though all the animals had found the broken bars and had swarmed into the corridor.

Jot at last shouted with all his might.

He pounded on the walls with the hilt of his sword and cried out in his terror.

Suddenly something lunged against the door. His scent had maddened the monsters outside.

"I shall die here!" he exclaimed. "I shall be torn to pieces by tooth and nail. Mercy! Mercy!" and his wail seemed to rise above the roar of the wild brutes.

He looked around for better weapons than his sword and his eye alighted upon an arquebuse, or old fashioned firearm, which rested on iron hooks. Jot was not a moment getting at the weapon and to his joy he found that it was heavily loaded.

A flint and tinder box enabled him to strike a light with which to fire the piece and, with hope once more in his heart, he steadied his nerves. Perhaps after all he might escape the doom that threatened.

The door was quivering beneath the leaps of the tiger. It would soon be dashed inward.

An idea flashed through the dwarf's brain.

He drew the table up before the door and rested the arquebuse upon it.

Aiming at the spot where he thought the tiger might be on the other side of the door he fired and the heavy balls tore through the planks. There was a frightful cry and he saw for a moment the bloody head of his ferocious target.

The tiger was badly wounded, but this only seemed to increase his fury.

The weapon fell from Jot's hands and he staggered back to the settee. The bleeding head of the wild beast was thrust through the opening and the dwarf saw the great eyes watching him with the fury of a demon.

Mogul, as the tiger was called, was the largest specimen of his kind ever brought to London. Master Zoni had failed to tame him and the Queen herself had ordered that the brute should never be shown in public.

Jot was on the verge of collapse.

Suddenly Mogul's head was withdrawn and the imp breathed freely once more. Perhaps Mogul had gone back to his cage.

The respite was brief.

The huge animal had only fallen back for a spring. He came forward again with a hideous cry and thrust his reeking head into the hole in the door.

Jot with a groan of despair seized the arquebuse and advanced to the attack. He struck the tiger across the jaws and then struck again.

With all his strength the beast lunged at the door.

Jot heard the rusty hinges give, he saw the portal quiver before the tiger's efforts and then the door fell inward.

There was now nothing between him and Mogul.

The gigantic beast crouched on the floor and eyed Jot with the fury of his tribe. His yellow tail described great circles in the air and blood dripped from the gaping wound in his head.

The dwarf gave himself up for lost.

He fell back to the settee and pushed it in front of him. Then he cast the arquebuse away and clutched his naked sword. There were few better swordsmen in London than the imp.

He no longer cried for help. Sword in hand he awaited the leap of Mogul.

A few seconds later, to aid to Jot's danger, a second tiger appeared in the doorway. It was Mogul's mate.

Desperation had driven the dwarf to his last extremity. He knew that but a second would elapse before the fatal spring was made.

All at once he heard certain sounds in another part of that terrible house.

These were the voices of men and he knew that Master Zoni had returned. Jot heard him shouting commands to his beasts, ordering them back to their cages. Mogul and his mate did not seem to hear.

Jot raised his voice in heartrending shouts. He called upon Master Zoni to come to his rescue.

To his relief he heard a key click in the lock. Seconds seemed hours to the doomed man. The door swung open, the white face of the servant appeared and then with a cry vanished.

Jot gritted his teeth and looked at the tigers. Mogul was about to spring. Suddenly Master Zoni made his appearance. Jot sounded his last cry for help.

The master of the beasts sprang into the room and then Jot saw that he was not alone.

Percy and Roland were with him!

The face of the dwarf underwent a change the moment he set eyes on the boy page.

"Save me, Master Zoni! The tigers! the tigers!" he exclaimed.

Master Zoni spoke in commanding tones to the animals. Mogul looked at him and returned a growl. Percy uttered a cry at sight of Jot. He could not understand how the dwarf had come to be a tenant of the menagerie.

Master Zoni was unarmed, but Percy and Roland had already whipped out their blades.

At once the striped form of Mogul seemed to whiz through the air.

As it descended upon Jot, the dwarf, thrust out his sword and caught the animal in the throat. The shining blade went clear through the neck.

Jot laughed triumpantly.

Then it was that the tiger's mate took a hand in the game. She leaped forward, but the sword of Percy caught her in midair and buried itself in her hide.

Jot staggered from behind the settee and looked into Master Zoni's face.

"You here?" cried the beast keeper. "I did not send for you."

These were bitter words for Jot to hear. He flung his sword away and fell upon his knees.

"My young friends here have been looking for you," Master Zoni continued. "I did not expect to find you in my house. I brought them hither to show them the wild beasts. I shall turn you over to them, for they are in the Queen's service."

Want New Suit?

It will cost you nothing. Everybody needs clothes. Your friend, neighbor or acquaintance will buy of you. Profit on two orders will get you a free suit. The easiest thing in the world.

BIG OUTFIT FREE

We give you a bigger and better line and make our prices lower than any other house in existence. Our system insures a better fit, better work and better service. No express charges.

CLOTHING AGENTS

WANTED—Now is the time to get in the game. Our men make from $5 to $15 a day easy. Take up the clothing business as a side line—it will pay you well. You need no money or experience. We furnish everything to start.

Free Complete Sample Outfit including big assortment of cloth samples, latest fashions, tape measure, special offers. Write at once before we get someone else in your town. This is a wonderful opportunity to make some money and start you in a well paying business.

THE CAPITOL TAILORS
702 Capitol Bldg., Chicago

WOMEN find the right kind of Toilet Necessities, Drugs, Syringes, etc., in our catalog. Send 2c stamp for postage. F. G. Ferguson Co., 429 S. Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

10 Perfumed Postcards with your name in gold F. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. **10c**

HYPNOTISM easily learned at home; small cost. Write C.W.Russell, Westchester, N.Y.

MONEY ($$$) Unit 8 secrets, etc. Key Free. E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N.C.

Boys, Earn Money

Delivering the

BLADE AND LEDGER

Each Week.

We need a smart boy in every town and R. F. D. route in the United States and Canada to sell the Blade and Ledger. 5,000,000 people read them every week and the people in your town want some one they can buy them from each week.

YOU ARE THE BOY WHO CAN MAKE THE MONEY.

We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in as your share of the profits. The **Agent's Outfit is Entirely Free,** and there is no expense of any kind. You pay us nothing till your papers are sold. You do not have to pay for papers you cannot sell. No experience necessary.

25,000 Boys Sell the Blade and Ledger Every Friday and Saturday. They are of all ages, so you can do the same. Fill out the blank below, cut it out and mail it to us. We will send you everything necessary to start you and will give you full directions, just what to do. Everything is plain and dead easy. Hurry before some other boy beats you.

CUT OUT

W. D. Boyce Co., 500 Dearborn Av. Chicago:

I will accept the agency. Please send me agent's outfit and bundle of papers and instructions.

AGENT'S NAME .....

Street, P. O. Box or R. F. D. .....

Town .....

State ..... Date ..... 19 Age .....

"No, no, good, kind Master Zoni!" pleaded the impish traitor. "I do not want to go with them. Why did you come at all? The tigers would have finished me and then I would never feel the noose on Tower Hill."

The master of the menagerie shut his teeth hard.

"There is your man, young gallants," he answered, turning to the boys, and Percy with a nod stepped forward to secure the person of his old enemy.

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

Good and Bad Luck.

In France if you dream of eggs or see a vision of dirty water, that means trouble, but if you see a fire in your sleep, you may be happy—that signifies good luck. To dream of blood means victory, and if you see the dead, that means that you will hear of the living.

To dream of babies is bad, and if you see cats in your dreams be sure you have an enemy. If on the other hand your slumbers are disturbed by the coming of a horse, you may turn over on the other side with the pleasing assurance that you have a good friend.

The French are convinced that the appearance of a comet presages massacres and war, but they believe on the other hand that it makes the wine better.

The breaking of a mirror, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Globe, means seven years bad luck, and he who turns a loaf of bread upside down, puts his right boot on first or lights three cigarettes with the same match is laying up trouble for himself.

If one wishes to steer clear of misfortune one should not try on mourning garments when one is not in mourning nor cut through a marriage cortege, and when one gives a present of a knife or any sharp edged article or instrument one should be careful to exact the payment of a sou from the recipient.

I once knew an old Italian woman at Nice who was an inveterate player at the loto stakes, which are decided by numbers. She had no system properly so-called, but wherever she went she kept her eyes open for numbers and whether it was on a tramway car or a steamer, a sack of coals or a matchbox she used to regard the numbers she collected in this haphazard way as good for her petits billets.

Some people consider the number seven as specially lucky, but M. Grisier, who was formerly manager of the Ambigu theatre, held it in horror. He would never undertake anything of importance on the 7th of the month, and always avoided cabs in which the number figured.

In his theatre the players always arrived at the "century" more quickly than elsewhere, for there was never a seventh performance nor a seventeenth, nor any other which contained the fatal number. From six he jumped to eight, from sixteen to eighteen, and so on.

As in England, so in France, the number 13 is most unpopular. No French woman would think of inviting her guests to dinner if the total number at table made 13, and all over France on Fridays the takings of the railways and omnibus companies and the sales of the large warehouses are always much inferior to those of other days of the week.

When the Friday happens to fall on the 13th of the month there is no name for the perils one risks on that day, and people who consider themselves reasonable do not dare to leave their homes for fear of the inevitable catastrophe.

Royal Dances.

"Do you reverse?" was a question of the nineties. Waltzers at the Buckingham palace state balls in London are debarred from "reversing." German court regulations go even farther, and forbid waltzing altogether. This veto dates back to 1859, when the Empress Frederick, then crown princess, was tripped up by her partner in a waltz, and fell at the feet of her mother-in-law. The Empress Augusta, a despot on the score of etiquette, forbade the inclusion of waltzes thenceforth in all balls at the new palace. So far the kaiser has resisted the pressure brought to bear on him to revive the waltz. Dancing at the Berlin court always opens with a polonaise, and the rest of the program is filled with quadrilles and polkas, the schottisches and the mazurkas.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 401, Blairsville, Pa.

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.

6608—Princesse Slip, 34 to 44 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 8¼ yards 24 or 27, 7⅞ yards 32 or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide for the plain slip; 2½ yards 24, 2 yards 27, 1½ yards 32 or 1¼ yards of 44 inches wide for the flounce with 4½ yards of embroidery, 14½ yards of insertion, 3½ yards of narrow edging to make as illustrated.

6781—Girl's Princesse Slip, 6 to 12 years. The quantity of material required for the 10 year size is 2¼ yards 24 or 27, 1⅛ yards 36, or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of embroidery 13 inches wide, 3 yards of beading, and 2¼ yards of edging.

6746—One-Piece Night Gown, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6 yards 27, 3⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

6903—Child's Wrapper, 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years. For a child 2 years of age will be required 2½ yards of material 27 or 2⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

6620—One-Piece Night Gown, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size the nightgown will require 6 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

6941—Corset Cover with Straight Upper Edge, Designed for Lace or Embroidery, 34 to 44 bust. For a woman of medium size will be required 1⅞ yards of embroidery 15 inches wide with ⅝ yard of plain material 36 inches wide for peplum, or 1¼ yards of plain material 36, or 1 yard 44 inches wide.

6980—Seven Gored Petticoat with Habit Back, 22 to 32 waist. For the medium size will be required 6¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3 yards of embroidery, 2 yards of beading and 2⅝ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

7079—Child's Petticoat, 2, 4 and 6 years. For child of 4 years of age will be required 1¾ yards of material 36 or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of embroidery and 1½ yards of ruffling to trim as illustrated.

7085—Girl's Square Yoke Night Gown, 2 to 14 years. For a girl of eight years of age will be required 2⅝ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

6873—Combination Corset Cover and Closed Drawers, 34 to 44 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size will be 2⅝ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44, with 3 yards of insertion, 8 yards of edging and 2½ yards of beading to trim as illustrated.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons

..... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US .....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,

500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.

Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

NAME.....

Street No.
or R. F. D.....

Town .....

Box..... State .....

☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read All About It

Motorcycle Free!

The money that other merchant tailors tie up in big advertising and bad accounts, we spend in buying fine free presents for our agents. Motorcycles, Bicycles, Fine Jewelry, Musical Instruments, etc.—anything you want, free. Sell Knickerbocker Tailor-made clothes. Just show your friends our beautiful Fall Suit Samples and our 1911-1912 Style Book and orders come easy. Besides these valuable free presents, we allow each representative customary **full cash commission.** Also your own clothes at wholesale factory cost (one-half your dealer's prices).

Make $10 Cash on One Suit Order

Knickerbocker made suits $15 to $25 on single orders and get the free premiums extra—nothing to buy. We furnish complete agent's outfit free—express all prepaid on everything. We take all risks. Every suit shipped on approval. Wear fine clothes, make $10 money, get free any premium you want. Write for big Book of Free Premiums, full samples, Style Book, Measuring Blanks, etc.—all FREE. No experience necessary. We give EXCLUSIVE territory. Territory going fast. Write today if you want EXCLUSIVE CONTROL in your district. Postal will do. Get our Proposition, no matter whose outfit you have. WRITE

The Knickerbocker Tailoring Co.
(1)1902 South Halsted St., Chicago

I Earn $35 to $90 A Week as a BUFFALO GRADUATE

"They made me an expert chauffeur in a few weeks' time (right in my own home). The model they give free to every student and their easy lessons made it a cinch for me to learn." We'll do the *same for you.* We give our graduates' addresses to parties requiring chauffeurs and *quit* till they're located for *one-third the cost of the course.* Small down payment starts you. Free samples of lessons, letters complimenting our method, etc. *Read lessons.* Let us prepare *you* for the jobs that get the money. BUFFALO AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL, 368 Edward Bldg., BUFFALO, N.Y.

BASEBALL CURVER
Be a Crack Pitcher.

Worn on the hand, it aids in giving the ball a rapid whirling motion, thus causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a curver today if you want to be a crack pitcher and fan the batters. Price 25c, with directions for throwing all curves. Address

N. SEITZ, 167 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Hunting case, handsomely engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind & stem set, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 20 years; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.

$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Send size if you want Ladies', Miss's or Boys' size.

M. C. FARBER, C 14, 226 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

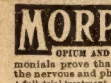
GET RID OF THAT HIDEOUS GOITRE

ASK YOUR MOTHER YOU CURE OR CAN PREVENT

About the CURATIVE POWERS of GENUINE BALTIC AMBER for GOITRE. Don't suffer longer. Don't allow that goitre to grow. Apply the right remedy and goitre will disappear. Today—right now—measure your neck at the largest part. Write measurements plainly on a paper with your name and address. Send money order or just wrap a five dollar bill inside and mail to us at once. On return mail you will get the genuine Baltic Amber neck chain—the kind you need with trade mark "Coinex" on the tag.

COSMOPOLITAN SPECIALTY CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mexican Ring FREE!



Free to every reader of this paper a Goldplated Ring set with 5 genuine Mexican Diamond, Tiffany set for ladies and Belcher for gents; only one ring to each person. Just send us your name and address with 10c in coin and 2c stamp to pay for mailing and advertising. All we ask you to do is to show your friends the catalog we send with rings.

Mexican Diamond Co., 240 Mint Arcade, Phila., Pa.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment sions often cures. Write us in confidence.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

MAKE MONEY WRITING Song Poems and Musical Compositions.

Success means fame and cash. No experience necessary. $1,000 yearly paid for a popular song. Send us your work or write for FREE PARTICULARS. We want original song poems, with or without music. Address Dept. H, Richard Dugdale Co., Desk 220, Washington, D. C.

RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it.

Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 699, Watertown, N. Y.

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof.

O. A. SMITH, Room 1646, 823 Bigelow St., PEORIA, ILL.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

GINSENG RAISING is the surest way to make Big money on Little capital. One acre produces 5,000 lbs. Sells at $6 lb. Requires your spare time only. Grows anywhere. I will buy all you raise. WRITE TODAY. T. H. SUTTON, 925 Sherwood Ave., LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THE WONDERFUL TOWN.

In the town of "Askyourwaythere"—
Never heard of "Askyourwaythere?"
Well, such ignorance is really very
hard to understand.
You go up the "Query River,"
And keep sailing on forever,
And you'll reach that thriving city in
the "Neverfindit" land.

There everything is "topsy-turvy,"
Cannot help being "topsy-turvy,"
For the ruler is a monarch called the
good "King Upsidedown."
He's the funniest of kings, too—
Never acts as other kings do—
For his hands are in his boots, and his
feet are in his crown.

And his castle is a "bandbox,"
Just an ordinary "bandbox,"
And he sleeps out in the garden, for
the queen won't make his bed.
And should you—quite unthinking,
In his presence start a-winking,
He will hang you for a traitor with a
piece of cotton thread.

And then there are his people,
O, you never saw such people,
They are always growing younger and
younger every night.
And when at last they cannot talk right,
And forget the way to walk,
They just put them into cradles and
rock them out of sight.

You should go to "Askyourwaythere"—
Charming spot is "Askyourwaythere"—
I'll repeat the route you follow, and
you're sure to understand.
You go up to "Query River,"
And keep sailing on forever,
Till you reach that wondrous city in
the "Neverfindit" land.

The Imp Pencil.

One morning when George was going to school he saw a yellow pencil lying on the sidewalk. As there was nobody around who could have dropped it he picked it up and took it to school with him. At school there was nobody who claimed it, and so he decided to adopt it. Now, it is rather rash to adopt a pencil when you don't know anything about it, as George soon found. When the arithmetic class was called to the front George joined it with the new pencil. Soon the teacher gave out a sum that the children were to copy on their pads, but when George started to take down the numbers the teacher gave out, his pencil, instead of writing down a neat row of figures, as ordinary pencils would under the circumstances, began moving about of its own accord in quite a different direction from that in which George wished it to go. George was the most surprised boy you ever heard of. Instead of doing arithmetic the pencil was making tit-tat-toe marks all over the page. George was so astonished that he let go the pencil, which immediately rolled off on the floor and broke its point. So George was sent to his desk to get another, which fortunately behaved like a reasonable pencil.

When George got back to his desk the pencil was so good and quiet that he thought maybe he had just imagined the strange things about it. He thought it was rather a risk to use it in school, but he took it home with him that afternoon and sharpened it once more.

No sooner had he sharpened it than the pencil jumped up and proceeded to write poetry all over the steps—queer little jingles interspersed with queer little caricature pictures. It was very interesting, but George knew his mother would not like to have poetry written all over the steps, and so he gave the pencil a piece of paper. It was so gratified that it immediately wrote a poem of six verses. After that it began writing "Don't you wish you knew why?" over and over again. At length it changed to "Why don't you find out?" and wrote that all over the page.

"I will find out!" said George after the pencil had written a whole page of this question. He picked up his penknife and split the pencil in halves. Out of it flew a tiny imp, who, after frisking joyfully at being released, flopped his wings, said "Thank you, George," and flew away. George never found another pencil like that, but he always kept the two halves of the old one and frequently at recess would bring them out and tell his friends the story of the pencil imp.

NAUGHTY NAN.

Nan went to walk one cloudy day, not
taking an umbrella,
Although 'twas best to take one, I heard
her mother tell her;
But when the rain fell thick and fast
She wished she had been good at last.

A Milk Bath.

A farmer boy was taking his milk into town. There were cans of milk in the wagon to the amount of twenty gallons, and the town that they were going to was Syracuse, N. Y. The boy's name is Griffin. He was nearing Syracuse when a automobile came along. His horses were not especially afraid of automobiles, but when this car came up almost under their noses they decided that they were insulted, and the tipped over the wagon. The Griffin boy was not hurt even though he was pinned under the overturned vehicle. He was not hurt, but he was wet. All the twenty gallons of milk had gone down the back of his neck.

1. The alarm was given—

2. And spread quickly.

What Followed.

A large and ferocious bear once lived in the middle of a great forest, and so fierce and terrible was he that he had the forest all to himself, for all the animals that had lived there had ran away when they saw him coming. This bear enjoyed being fierce and furious to the full extent. Nothing pleased him better than to frighten the squirrels into fits, and therefore it was a great deprivation to him to have the animals all leave.

One morning he awoke feeling particularly gruff and grim, and so he gave seventeen enormous roars before breakfast in the hope of giving somebody a good scare. But, alas! there was nobody there to be scared—not even a field-mouse, and the thought of all that wasted talent was so sad to the bear that he started out immediately to find something to frighten if it should take him all day.

At last he met a butterfly. It was a beautiful blue-and-gold butterfly, and when the bear discovered it it was sitting on a wild rose eating breakfast. The bear was so delighted at finding something to scare that the roar he gave sounded almost amiable. Nevertheless, it was such a roar as would have frightened a squirrel into a fit, but, instead of showing symptoms of fits, the butterfly continued placidly eating his breakfast, just as if the bear had not spoken. At this the bear was indignant. He did not like the idea of having come all that distance just for the sake of scaring something and then have the thing refuse to be scared. So he gave seventeen of his loudest and fiercest roars. When he was all through the butterfly turned and said politely: "Excuse me, did you say anything?"

"Say anything!" repeated the bear. "Didn't you hear me! Aren't you frightened?"

"Frightened!" echoed the butterfly. "What should I be afraid of!"

"Why, of me, of course!" said the bear. "Everybody's afraid of me!"

At that the butterny laughed and laughed. "You needn't suppose you are so terrible, you silly creature!" she said. "You are the one that should be frightened. There is something always behind you, and it follows wherever you go."

The bear looked nervously over his shoulder.

"Oh, you can't see it," said the butterfly. "But it's behind you all the same."

"Goodness gracious me!" cried the bear. "What is it!"

"I shan't tell you," replied the butterfly, "but if I were you I'd be careful how I behaved."

"Thank you so much for telling me," said the bear quite meekly. "I'll be particularly careful and I won't growl and romp and roar and scare things ever any more. Good-by, Miss Butterfly," and he tiptoed back to his forest.

When he had gone the butterfly laughed and laughed. "Silly thing!" she said. "Of course there's something behind him that he can't see, but it's only his tail!"

Tot Wit.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Lola when she saw a rainbow for the first time, last summer, "come and see this nice long colored streak of thunderclap!"

Sunday School Teacher—What is conscience, Tommy?

Tommy—An inward monitor.

S. S. Teacher—And what is a monitor, Johnny?

Johnny—An iron-clad boat.

Little Albert (to visitor)—Mr. Blank, is your voice cracked?

Mr. Blank—Not that I know of. Why do you ask?

Little Albert—Papa says you are always breaking your word, so I thought that might be the reason.

Elmer, aged 5, had been presented with a small magnifying glass, of which he was very proud.

"How many times does it magnify?" asked his father, thinking to puzzle him.

"Why, as many times as you look through it," was the prompt reply.

"Nettie," said the mother of a 5-year-old miss, "didn't you hear me tell you to come into the house half an hour ago?"

"Yes, mamma," answered Nettie.

"Then, why did you disobey me?" asked her mother.

"I didn't disobey you, mamma," replied Nettie, "I merely changed my mind."

HAPPY HEART.

Gretchen lived in a basement room
With Karl, and Wilhelm and Franz,
And Father, and Mother, and Grandmother,
And Baby, and Uncle Hans.

But Gretchen played that the dingy home
Was a palace, stately and tall,
In which she lived, a kindly queen,
With her beautiful Princess Doll.

The doll was the round of a broken chair,
In a single garment dressed.
In Gretchen's eyes it was fair to see,
And she hugged it to her breast.

Her daily portion of scanty food
To Gretchen was a feast.
She played that the bread was turkey and pie
And ten other things at least.

Dear Grandmother was a fairy witch,
A magic wand her cane,
Which conjured forth the wondrous things
A palace should contain.

Karl and Wilhlem and Franz were kings
With golden crowns on their hair,
So Gretchen played and Gretchen dreamed,
And to her the world was fair.

PLEASANT DAYS.

Rickety rag—rickety rag!
Now they play ball, and now they play tag.
Skip the rope and run away,
Oh! but it's lots of fun to play!

His Ma—Willie, this pill has a sugar coat.

Little Willie—I know, mamma, but the vest is awfully bitter.

It takes years of study to enable a man to paint, but women are born artists.